CHADWICK

Arnold Hartmann Fall 1971
Boston: Goodspeed, from coll. of Essex Institute (Salem)
[illegible]

2 vol. 60 — 2
Fright [illegible]

DUET FOR SOPRANO VOICES.

Respectfully dedicated to

Miss Henrietta Maria Goldsborough

BY

JOHN PADDON.

BOSTON: Published by C. BRADLEE 164 Washington Street.

ANDANTE Affettuoso.

The bird let loose in eastern skies, when hastening fondly

Ped

The bird let loose in eastern skies, when hastening fondly

home Ne'er stoops to earth her wing nor flies where i - dle warblers roam But

home Ne'er stoops to earth her wing nor flies where i - dle warblers roam 8va But

The Music altered from a Song by Jackson of Exeter.

Ritard:

high she shoots through air and light a - bove all low de - lay Where

high she shoots through air and light a - bove all low de - lay Where

nothing earthly bounds her flight nor shad - ow dims her way.....

nothing earthly bounds her flight nor shad - ow dims her way dims her way dims her

Delicato

Spiritoso.

..... nor shadow dims her way.

way nor shadow dims her way.

2

So grant me God, from ev'ry care
And stain of passion free,
Aloft, through Virtues purer air,
To hold my course to thee!
No sin to cloud, no lure to stay
My soul, as home she springs:
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom in her wings.

Evening Song to the Virgin at Sea,

A Duet,

Words by Mrs. Hemans,

Music by her Sister.

1st VOICE.

A____ve sanc_tis_sima, We lift our souls to thee, O____ra pro

2d VOICE.

A____ve sanc_tis_sima, We lift our souls to thee, O____ra pro

ESPRESSIVO.

no___bis, 'Tis night fall on the sea. Watch us while shadows lie,

no___bis, 'Tis night fall on the sea. Watch us while shadows lie,

p

espress:

Far o'er the water spread. Hear the heart's lonely sigh, Thine too hath bled.

Far o'er the water spread. Hear the heart's lonely sigh, Thine too hath bled.

BOSTON: Published by C. BRADLEE 164 Washington St.

JOHN ASHTON
MUSIC STORE
197
WASHINGTON ST
BOSTON

p

Thou that hast look'd on death, Aid us when death is near. Whis--per of

Thou that hast look'd on death, Aid us when death is near. Whis--per of

espress:

p

p

Heav'n to faith, Sweet mother, sweet mother, hear! O----ra pro no---bis, The

Heav'n to faith, Sweet mother, sweet mother, hear! O----ra pro no---bis, The

p

wave must rock our sleep, O--ra Ma-ter O---ra, Star of the deep.

wave must rock our sleep, O--ra Ma-ter O---ra, Star of the deep.

THE EXILE OF ERIN.

A

DUET,

for Two Trebles,

THE POETRY BY

Thomas Campbell Esq.

the Music by

Dr. CALLCOTT.

Ent. Sta. Hall.

Price 2s

LONDON:

J. B. Cramer & Co. 201, Regent Street.

MODERATO.

PIANO FORTE.

pia *cres* *dim.*

There came to the beach a poor Ex-ile of E--rin, The dew on his

There came to the beach a poor Ex-ile of E--rin, The dew on his

pia

thin robe was hea-vy and chill: For his coun-try he sigh'd, When at

thin robe was hea-vy and chill: For his coun-try he sigh'd, When at

twi--light re--pair-ing To wan-der a-lone by the wind-beat-en hill.

twi--light re--pair-ing To wan-der a-lone by the wind-beat-en hill.

But the day-star at--tract-ed his eye's sad de--vo--tion, For it

But the day-star at--tract-ed his eye's sad de--vo--tion, For it

rose o'er his own na-tive isle of the ocean, Where once, in the fire of his

rose o'er his own na-tive isle of the ocean, Where once, in the fire of his

for

youthful e-mo-tion, He sang the bold an-them of E-rin go bragh!

for

youthful e-mo-tion, He sang the bold an-them of E-rin go bragh!

for

2d VERSE.

pia *cres:* *dim:*

Sad, sad is my fate! said the heart-broken stranger, The wild deer and

Sad, sad is my fate! said the heart-broken stranger, The wild deer and

pia

wolf to a cov_ert can flee; But I have no re_fuge from

wolf to a cov_ert can flee; But I have no re_fuge from

fa_mine and dan_ger, A home and a country re_main not for me.

fa_mine and dan_ger, A home and a country re_main not for me.

Ne_ver, ne_ver a_ _gain, in the green sun_ny bow_ers, Where my

Ne_ver, ne_ver a_ _gain, in the green sun_ny bow_ers, Where my

fore_father's liv'd, shall I spend the sweet hours, Or co_ver my harp with the

fore_father's liv'd, shall I spend the sweet hours, Or co_ver my harp with the

for

wild_woven flowers, And strike to the numbers of E_rin go bragh!

for

wild_woven flowers, And strike to the numbers of E_rin go bragh!

for

A Fisherman Row'd his Boat.

A Paraphrase,

Of the Celebrated Venetian Canzonet

O PESCATOR DELL ONDA

Written by

R. STEVENSON ESQ.

SOLD BY PENDLETON BOSTON

New York BOURNE Depository of Arts. 559 Broadway.

Secondo.

Primo.

Piano Forte or HARP.

O Pes_ca_tor dell' on_ _ _da Fidelin, O

A fisherman row'd his boat O'er the sea, A

Pes_ca_tor dell' on_ _da Fidelin, Vie_ni pes_car in qua colla bella sua

fisherman row'd his boat O'er the sea, As it glided along Softly oh softly soft_ly

Barca colla bella se ne và Fide_lin lin la, Vie_ni pes_car in
softly softly came the song Of the seamaid's glee. As it glided along, Softly

quà colla bel_la sua Barca colla bella se ne và Fide_lin lin la.
oh! softly soft_ly softly softly came the song Of the seamaid's glee.

2
Stay gentle fisherman stay
On the sea,
Row here thy light bateau,
Fairy joys fairy fairy
Fairy fairy joys you'll know
Ever on the sea.

3
Bright coral and gems are here
Of the sea,
I will give them to thee,
Hither come hither hither
Hither come and dwell with me
In the dark blue sea.

4
Jewel nor gem will I have
Of the sea,
Grant me thy lip's delight,
Quickly oh quickly quickly
Quickly rise and bless my sight,
Bright maid of the sea.

5
In his light boat stood the maid
Of the sea,
Take now the kiss you crave,
Panting with pleasure panting
Panting he sank in the wave,
Of the dark blue sea.

ITALIAN.

2 Che cosa vuol ch'io peschi! Fidelin
L'Anel, che me casca,
Colla bella &c.

3 Ti daro Centi Scudi, Fidelin
Sta borsa ricama,
Colla bella &c.

4 Non voglio Cento Scudi, Fidelin
Ne borsa ricama, Colla bella &c.

5 Io vo bazin d'amore Fidelin
Che quel mi paghera,
Colla bella sua bocca
Colla bella se ne va.

Engrd by T. Birch.

"IN THIS FRIGID PLANET."

A Duett.

The Words by

THOS. H. BAYLY, ESQR.

Adapted to the

Admired French Air.

AU CLAIR DE LA LUNE,

by

G. F. Stansbury.

NEW-YORK.

Published by P. L. Hewitt 137 Broadway.

SOLD BY
HEWITT & Co
137 BROADWAY
BOSTON.

IN THIS FRIGID PLANET.

Written by T.H.BAYLY. Arranged by G.F.STANSBURY.

ALLEGRETTO ma non troppo.

In this friged planet Dim love's torch ap-

In this friged planet Dim love's torch ap-

-pears Tho' fond hope will fan it, Soon 'tis quench'd in tears. Would there were a star Where

-pears Tho' fond hope will fan it, Soon 'tis quench'd in tears. Would there were:

we could live together Far from earth too far For jealous eyes to peep where love true as

star Where we could live to - gether Far too far For jealous eyes to peep

a piacere. f a tempo.

mine Un _ kindness ne'er should wither Where eyes bright as thine

Where love true as mine Un _ kindness ne'er should wither eyes like thine

a piacere Cres. f a tempo. f

p pp f lentan

Never more should weep, Never more should weep, Never more should weep

pp f

Never more should weep, Never more should weep, Never more should weep

8va pp f lentan.

p

ff a tempo. f dim.

p 2d Verse. p

View that star just risen O'er the tranquil sea If it were our prison Oh! how blest we'd be.

View that star just risen O'er the tranquil sea If it were our prison Oh! how blest we'd be.

p p p

p f

From that radiant home I'd neer wish to wander Sorrow neer should come

f

From that radiant home I'd neer wander Sorrow neer should come.

Cres.

p a piacere f a tempo.

To molest us there Tho' unfeeling men Tear fond hearts a sunder We would triumph

p f

To molest us there Tho' unfeeling men Tear fond hearts a sunder triumph

a piacere. Cres f a tempo.

p pp f lentan.

then O'er each earthly snare, O'er each earthly snare, O'er each earthly snare

p pp

then O'er each earthly snare, O'er each earthly snare, O'er each earthly snare.

8va

p pp f lentan.

ff a tempo. sf dim.

3d VERSE.

Some with cold de - ri - sion Lo - vers dreams con - dem But my star - light

Some with cold de - ri - sion Lo - vers drams con - dem But my star - light

vision Ne'er was meant for them They who weep for one

vision Ne'er was meant for them They who weep for

Lov'd in brighter hours they who sadly shun Mirth and song and dance.

one Lov'd in brighter hours and sadly shun Mirth and song and dance.

a piacere. a tempo.

They like me will feel When life has lost its flowers 'Tis no harm to

They like me will feel When life has lost its flowers we may

a piacere. a tempo.

steal Wreaths from young ro_mance, Wreaths from young ro_mance,

pp

steal Wreaths from young ro_mance, Wreaths from young ro_mance,

pp

sf pr 8va pp

f lentan.

wreaths from young ro mance.

f

wreaths from young ro mance.

f len.

sf

THE LEAF AND THE FOUNTAIN.

from

Legendary Ballads

BY

THOMAS MOORE ESQ.

Arranged by

Henry R. Bishop.

BOSTON: Published by C. Bradlee No 164 Washington St.

In Moderate Time and with Spirit.

p

slentando. a tempo. dim

1st Voice. "Tell me, kind Seer, I pray thee— So may the stars o—bey thee;

2d Voice. "Tell me, kind Seer, I pray thee— So may the stars o—bey thee;

Piano Forte.

So may each ai_ry Moon_elf and fai_ry Nightly their homage pay thee,

So may each ai_ry Moon_elf and fai_ry Nightly their homage pay thee,

slent: a tempo.

Night_ly their homage pay. Say, by what spell, a_bove, be_low In stars that

Night_ly their homage pay. Say, by what spell, a_bove, be_low In stars that

slent: a tem

wink or flow'rs that blow, I may dis_co_ver, Ere night is o_ver, Whether my

wink or flow'rs that blow, I may dis_co_ver, Ere night is o_ver, Whether my

slen:

love loves me, or no, Whether my love loves me?"

slen:

love loves me, or no, Whether my love loves me?"

ten: dim colla voce *pp* a tempo

"Maiden, the dark tree

"Maiden, the dark tree

nigh thee Hath charms no gold could buy thee; Its' stem en_chanted,

nigh thee Hath charms no gold could buy thee; Its' stem en_chanted,

By moon_elves planted Will all thou seek'st sup_ply thee, Will all thou seek'st sup- slen:

By moon_elves planted Will all thou seek'st sup_ply thee, Will all thou seek'st sup- slen:

colla voce

a tempo

ply. Climb to yon boughs, that high_est grow, Bring thence their fair_est

ply. Climb to yon boughs, that high_est grow, Bring thence their fair_est

a tempo

pp

leaf be_low, And thou'lt dis_cover, Ere night is o_ver, Whether thy

leaf be_low, And thou'lt dis_cover, Ere night is o_ver, Whether thy

slen:

love loves thee or no, Whether thy love loves thee."

slen:

love loves thee or no, Whether thy love loves thee."

ten dim colla voce *pp* a tempo dim

3

"See, up the dark tree going,
Blossoms around me blowing,
From thence, oh Father, this leaf I gather,
Fairest that there was growing.
Say, by what sign I now shall know
If in this leaf lie bliss or woe;
And thus discover ere night is over,
Whether my love loves me or no,
Whether my love loves me."

4

"Fly to yon fount that's welling
Where moonbeam ne'er had dwelling,
Dip in its water that leaf, oh Daughter,
And mark the tale 'tis telling;
Watch thou if pale or bright it grow,
List thou, the while, that fountain's flow,
And thou'lt discover whether thy lover,
Lov'd as he is, loves thee or no,
Lov'd as he is, loves thee."

5

Forth flew the nymph, delighted,
To seek that fount benighted;
But, scarce a minute the leaf lay in it,
When, lo, its bloom was blighted!
And as she ask'd, with voice of woe,—
Listening, the while, that fountain's flow,—
Shall I recover my truant lover?
The fountain seem'd to answer, "No;"
The fountain answered, "No."

THE MESSENGER BIRD,

A Duet,

The Words by

Mrs. HEMANS,

The Music by

HER SISTER.

Ent. Sta. Hall. — Price 2/-

London, Published by I. WILLIS & Co. Royal Musical Repository, 55 St. James's Str.
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THE MESSENGER BIRD.*

A DUETT.

The Words by Mrs. Hemans. *The Music by her Sister.*

ESPRESSIVO.

1st VOICE.

Thou art come from the Spirits' land, thou Bird! Thou art come from the Spirits' land_ Thro' the dark pine grove let thy voice be heard, And tell of the shadowy band, tell of the shadowy band.

2nd VOICE.

Thou art come from the Spirits' land, thou Bird! Thou art come from the Spirits' land_ Thro' the dark pine grove let thy voice be heard, And tell of the shadowy band, tell of the shadowy band.

PIANO FORTE.

* Some of the native Brazilians pay great veneration to a certain Bird, that sings mournfully in the night time. They say it is a messenger which their deceased friends and relations have sent, and that it brings them news from the other world.

p

We know that the bow'rs are

We know that the bow'rs are

pp

green and fair, In the light of that summer shore. And we

green and fair, In the light of that summer shore. And we

Espress.

know that the friends we have lost are there_They are there_ They are there, And they

know that the friends we have lost are there_ They are there, And they

weep no more.

weep no more.

Molto espress.

But tell us_ but tell us_

But tell us_ but tell us_

Tell us thou Bird of the solemn strain, Can those who have lov'd for--get? We

Tell us thou Bird of the solemn strain, Can those who have lov'd for--get? We

sf *pp* *sf* *pp*

call_ and they answer not again_ We call_ and they answer not again_ Oh!

sf *pp* *sf* *pp*

call_ and they answer not again_ We call_ and they answer not again_ Oh!

sf

say, do they love us yet? do they love us yet? do they love us yet?

say, do they love us yet? do they love us yet? do they love us yet?

p

MINORE.

We call them far through the si___lent

We call them far through the si___lent

p

MAGGIORE.

night, And they speak not from Cave nor Hill_ We know, thou Bird! that their

night, And they speak not from Cave nor Hill_ We know, thou Bird! that their

land is bright_ But say_ Oh! say, do they love there still? do they love there

land is bright_ But say_ Oh! say, do they love there still? do they love there

still? do they love there still?

still? do they love there still?

p

OH! I'LL BE ALL TO THEE MY LOVE,

DUETT,

Written by

CHAS. DIBDIN ESQR.

Composed by

J. WHITAKER,

Author of

"The Breath of the Brier," Glee for 4 Voices," "Winds gently whisper," &c. &c.

Ent. Sta. Hall.

Pr. 2/-

LONDON,

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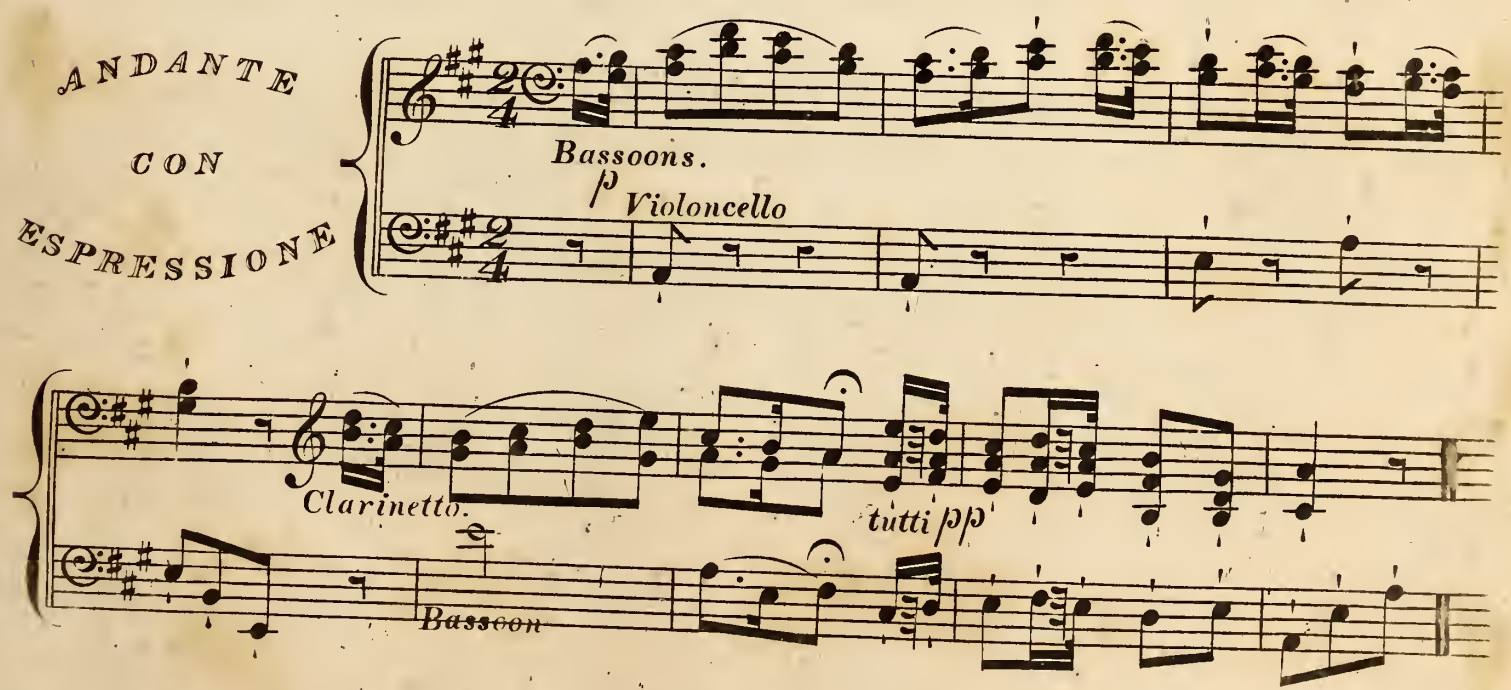

BERTHA.

And

ALBERT.

Oh! I'll be all thy ten__der heart, can ask my love to be;

pp

mine shall be as fond a part, For I'll be all to thee. Oh!

Oh!

I'll be all to thee, my Love, Yes, I'll be all to thee; Then pledge thy faith to

I'll be all to thee, my Love, Yes, I'll be all to thee; Then pledge thy faith to

ad lib: *a tempo*

me my love, And, O! how happy we!

ad lib: *a temp*

me my love, And, O! how hap_py we! Oh I'll be all thy ten_der heart can

ad lib: *a tempo*

And mine shall be as fond a part, For

ask my love to be.

ad lib: *a tempo*

I'll be all to thee to thee to thee; For I'll be all be all to thee;

ad lib: *a tempo*

ad lib: *a tempo*

ad lib: *a tempo*

Oh! I'll be all_ Duet.

Oh! I'll be all to thee my love, Yes I'll be all to thee; Then pledge thy faith to

Oh! I'll be all to thee my love, Yes I'll be all to thee; Then pledge thy faith to

ad lib: *a tempo*

me, my love, And, O! how hap_py we! how happy we! how happy we!

ad lib: *a tempo*

me, my love, And, O! how hap_py we! how happy we! how happy we!

ad lib: *a tempo*

ad lib: *a tempo*

ALLEGRETTO.

The Birds the Birds may sing, The flowers the flow_ers spring, And

The Birds the Birds may sing, The flowers the flow_ers spring, And

Oh! I'll be all _ Duet.

all..... and all..... and all be glad and gay; The Birds the Birds may

all..... and all..... and all be glad and gay; The Birds the Birds may

sing, The flowers the flow_ers spring, And all and all be glad and gay; and

sing, The flowers the flow_ers spring, And all and all be glad and gay; and

all be glad and gay;

But

all be glad and gay;

But

f

p

sweet_____er far..... If true..... if true if true you are, But

sweet_____er far..... If true..... if true if true you are, But

sweet____er far..... If true..... if true if true you are,

sweet____er far..... If true..... if true if true you are,

f

Our hours _____ shall

Our hours _____ shall

p

Oh! I'll be all _ Duet.

pass ---------- a_way Our hours ------

pass ---------- a_way Our hours ------

--------- shall pass------ a_way..... shall pass ---------- a-

--------- shall pass------ a_way..... shall pass ---------- a-

f

--way.

--way.

a tempo

Oh! I'll be all_ Duet.

O Listen, listen, Lovers!

Duett.

Translated from the admired

TYROLIENNE,

"Ecoute, Ecoute!"

AS SUNG BY

Monsieur and Madame Jenny Colon Lafont,

AT THE

FRENCH THEATRE,

With Enthusiastic Applause

And adapted to the Original Music,

BY

WILLIAM BALL.

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London Printed & Sold by F.T. LATOUR, Music Seller to His Majesty, 50 New Bond Street.

MODERATO.

1st Treble

O Listen, listen, listen Lovers! Timely counsel take from

Écoute, écoute, écoute, é__cou__te! Quand on est bien a__mou_

2d Treble

O Listen, listen, listen Lovers! Timely counsel take from

Écoute, écoute, écoute, é__cou__te! Quand on est bien a__mou_

Piano Forte

Calando

me: Heed well the secret it dis___co___vers, How you all may hap___py
*_reux, É____coute, écoute, écoute, é____cou____te, Un se___cret pour être heu_*

me: Heed well the secret it dis___co___vers, How you all may hap___py
*_reux, É____coute, écoute, écoute, é____cou____te, Un se___cret pour être heu_*

Calando

be. Drive from wedded love Thoughts that lightly rove, Mean suspicion fly, Jealous cares de_
_reux. Jamais entre é___poux, De transports ja__loux, De soupçons facheux, De coupables

be. Drive from wedded love Thoughts that lightly rove, Mean suspicion fly, Jealous cares de_
_reux. Jamais entre é___poux, De transports ja__loux, De soupçons facheux, De coupables

Calando.

__fy. O Listen, listen, listen Lo__vers How you all may hap__py be.
vœux. É_coute, écoute, écoute, é___cou___te! C'est le mo___yen dêtre heu___reux.

__fy. O Listen, listen, listen Lo__vers How you all may hap__py be.
vœux. É_coute, écoute, écoute, é___cou___te! C'est le mo__yen dêtre heu___reux.

Calando.

Mu_tual_ly shar_ing in Pain and in Plea_sure Smoothly through Life and its
Par_ta_geons, tout le plai_sir et la pei_ne, Le bien, le mal, tout doit

Mu_tual_ly shar_ing in Pain and in Plea_sure Smoothly through Life and its
Par_ta_geons, tout le plai_sir et la pei_ne, Le bien, le mal, tout doit

chan_ges we run: When a fond guide in a part_ner we
être com_mun: En quel qu'en droit que le des_tin nous

chan_ges we run: When a fond guide in a part_ner we
être com_mun: En quel qu'en droit que le des_tin nous

Calando.

trea_sure, Two Hearts re_main not, they're charm'd in_to one. O
*mè_ne, Que nos deux cœurs ja_mais n'en fas_sent qu'un. E_*

trea_sure, Two Hearts re_main not, they're charm'd in_to one. O
*mè_ne, Que nos deux cœurs ja_mais n'en fas_sent qu'un. E_*

Calando.

FASTER.

Listen, listen, listen Lov__ers! Timely counsel take from me; Heed
_coute, écoute, écoute, é___cou___te! Quand on est bien a____mou___reux, É__

Listen, listen, listen Lov__ers! Timely counsel take from me; Heed
_coute, écoute, écoute, é___cou___te! Quand on est bien a____mou___reux, É__

FASTER.

Calando.

well the secret it dis___co__vers, How you all may happy be. Drive from wedded
_coute, écoute, écoute, é___cou___te Un se__cret pour être heu__reux. Jamais entre é_

well the secret it dis___co__vers, How you all may happy be. Drive from wedded
_coute, écoute, écoute, é___cou___te Un se__cret pour être heu__reux. Jamais entre é_

Calando.

love Thoughts that lightly rove, Mean suspicion fly, Jealous cares de___fy. O
_poux De transports ja__loux, De soupçons fa_cheux De cou__pa__bles vœux. É__

love Thoughts that lightly rove, Mean suspicion fly, Jealous cares de___fy. O
_poux De transports ja__loux, De soupçons fa_cheux De cou__pa__bles vœux. É__

Listen, listen, listen Lo___vers! How you all may happy be.
_coute, écoute, écoute, é___cou___te! C'est le mo___yen d'etre heu__reux.

Listen, listen, listen Lo___vers! How you all may happy be.
_coute, écoute, écoute, é___cou___te! C'est le mo___yen d'etre heu__reux.

A TEMPO.

Wearied, dis__hearten'd, how ma_ny, Ah! say, love, Turn from the paths they're un_
Combien d'é__poux en___nu__yés de la vi_____e, Ne sav___ent pas en em__

Wearied, dis__hearten'd, how ma_ny, Ah! say, love, Turn from the paths they're un_
Combien d'é__poux en___nu__yés de la vi_____e, Ne sav___ent pas en em__

A TEMPO.

taught to be___guile! Oh! would they strew with sweet flowers the way, love,
__bel___lir le cours, Or__nons de fleurs La chai___ne qui nous li_____e,

taught to be___guile! Oh! would they strew with sweet flowers the way, love,
__bel___lir le cours, Or__nons de fleurs La chai___ne qui nous li_____e,

Calando. FASTER.

Brief were the journey, de__lightful the toil. O Listen, listen, listen
Et tous nos jours se__ront en__cor trop courts. É__coute, écoute, écoute, é__

Brief were the journey, de__lightful the toil. O Listen, listen, listen
Et tous nos jours se__ront en__cor trop courts. É__coute, écoute, écoute, é__

Calando. FASTER.

Lo__vers! Timely coun__sel take from me: Heed well the secret it dis_
_cou__te! Quand on est bien a__mou__reux, É__coute, écoute, écoute, é__

Lo__vers! Timely coun__sel take from me: Heed well the secret it dis_
_cou__te! Quand on est bien a__mou__reux, É__coute, écoute, écoute, é__

__covers, How you all may happy be. Drive from wedded love Thoughts that lightly
*_cou__te! Voilà tout l'art d'être heu__reux. Jamais entre é__poux De transports ja_*

__covers, How you all may happy be. Drive from wedded love Thoughts that lightly
*_cou__te! Voilà tout l'art d'être heu__reux. Jamais entre é__poux De transports ja_*

rove, Mean suspicion fly, Jealous cares de___fy. O Listen, listen, listen
-loux, De soupçons fa__cheux De cou__pa__bles vœux. É__coute, écoute, écoute, é__

rove, Mean suspicion fly, Jealous cares de___fy. O Listen, listen, listen
-loux, De soupçons fa__cheux De cou__pa__bles vœux. É__coute, écoute, écoute, é__

Lovers! Timely counsel take from me: Heed well the secret it dis_covers, How you
-cou__te. Voilà, tout l'art d'etre heu__reux. É__coute, écoute, écoute, é__cou__te,__ Voilà

Lovers! Timely counsel take from me: Heed well the secret it dis_covers, How you
-cou__te. Voilà, tout l'art d'etre heu__reux. É__coute, écoute, écoute, é__cou__te,__ Voilà

all all may happy be.
Tout l'art d'etre heu__reux!

all all may happy be.
Tout l'art d'etre heu__reux!

A CATALOGUE OF NEW VOCAL MUSIC,

PUBLISHED BY

F. T. LATOUR,

MUSIC SELLER TO HIS MAJESTY,

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IN THE POPULAR COMIC OPERA OF THE

TWO HOUSES OF GRENADA,

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		s.	d.
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SONGS, DUETS, &c.

IN THE FARCE OF

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BY J. PARRY.

The bells were ringing	Sung by Miss Graddon	1	6
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Content		1	6
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SONGS FOR THE SPANISH GUITAR.

'Twere vain to tell thee all I feel!	Carcassi	1	6
When the day with rosy light	ditto	1	6
Once my song in my own native dwelling	ditto	1	6

ARRANGED BY SOLA.

Love was once a little boy		1	6
Meet me by moonlight		1	6
O do you remember		1	6
Slowly wears the day		1	6
The Vesper Bell		1	6
Your heart and lute		1	6

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The Poetry and Music by *J. Augustine Wade*, Esq., with illustrations by *Corbould*, Nos. 1 and 2, each 10s. 6d.

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Our way across the Seas

adapted to the French Air

"La Suissesse au bord du Lac"

Arranged for One or Two Voices, and dedicated to

MISS OLIVIA DONALDSON.

Baltimore Published by John Cole, 123 Market Street.

ANDANTE

First Voice SOPRANO.

Second Voice TENOR.

Home, fare thee well! The oceans storm is o'er; The weary pen - - - non woos the seaward wind;

Home, fare thee well! The oceans storm is o'er; The weary pen - - - non woos the seaward wind;

COPY-RIGHT SECURED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS DECEMBER 5.1825 BY JOHN COLE.OF THE STATE OF MARYLAND.

Fast speeds the bark,- And now the less'ning shore sinks in the

Fast speeds the bark,- And now the less'ning shore sinks in the

wave, with those we leave behind. Fare, fare thee well! Land of the

wave, with those we leave behind. Fare, fare thee well!

f *p*

free; No tongue can tell the love I bear to thee.

Land of the free; No tongue can tell the love I bear to thee.

Fare, fare thee well! Land of the free; No tongue can

Fare, fare thee well! Land of the free; No tongue can

tell the love I bear to thee.

tell the love I bear to thee.

2

We wreath no bowl to drink a gay good bye,
For tears would fall unbidden in the wine,
And while reflected was the mournful eye
The sparkling surface e'en would cease to shine.
Then fare, fare well;
Once more, once more,
The oceans swell
Now hides my native shore.

3

See where yon star its Diamond light displays,-
Now seen now hid behind the swelling sail,-
Hope rides in gladness on its streaming rays,
And bids us on, and bribes the fav'ring gale.
Then Hope we bend
In joy to thee;
And careless wend
Our way across the sea.

SHIP AHOY

AS SUNG BY

Miss Louisa Gillingham

With an additional Stanza by a Gentleman of Hartford

Arranged as a

Song or Duett

with an accompaniment for the

PIANOFORTE.

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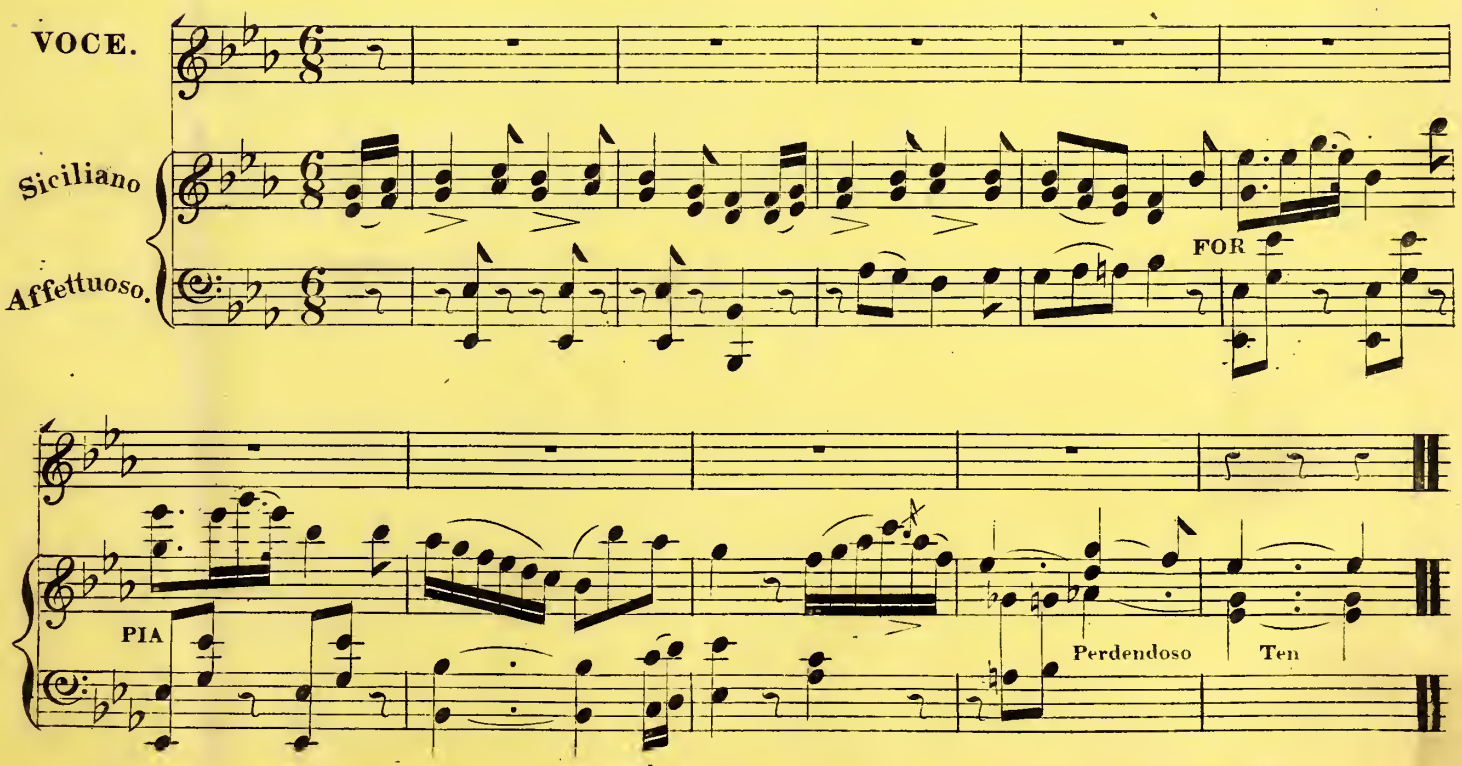

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SECONDO.

PRIMO.

When o'er the silent seas alone, For days and nights we've cheerless gone, Oh!

Siciliano.

pia

Affettuoso.

they who've felt it know how sweet, Some sun_ny morn a sail to meet, Some

sun__ny morn a sail to meet

mfor

mp

ad lib

a tempo

Sparkling on deck is ev'_ry eye, "Ship ahoy Ship ahoy," our joyful cry, When answ'ring back we

for

ff

ff

pia

ad lib

a tempo

faintly hear, "Ship ahoy! Ship ahoy! what cheer what cheer." Now sails aback, we nearer come, Kind

8va

loco

pp

for

espress

words are said, of friends and home. But soon, too soon we part in pain, To sail o'er silent

pia

seas again. To sail o'er silent seas again.

dim

dim

for

2

When days and months have pass'd away,
And homeward o'er the ev'ning sea,
Our vessel hies, — when dreamy sleep,
Hath lull'd to rest, the sky, the deep, —
Hark! from aloft, the watchman's cry,
"Land ahead! land ahead! I spy! I spy!"
When all around, on deck we come,
"Land ahead! land ahead! our home! our home!"
Now as we speed our rapid way
Our grateful vows to heav'n we pay,
And soon we kiss our native shore,
To sail o'er silent seas no more.

Engrd by T. Birch.

When thy bosom heaves the sigh

Duett Sung by

Mrs Dickons & Mr Braham

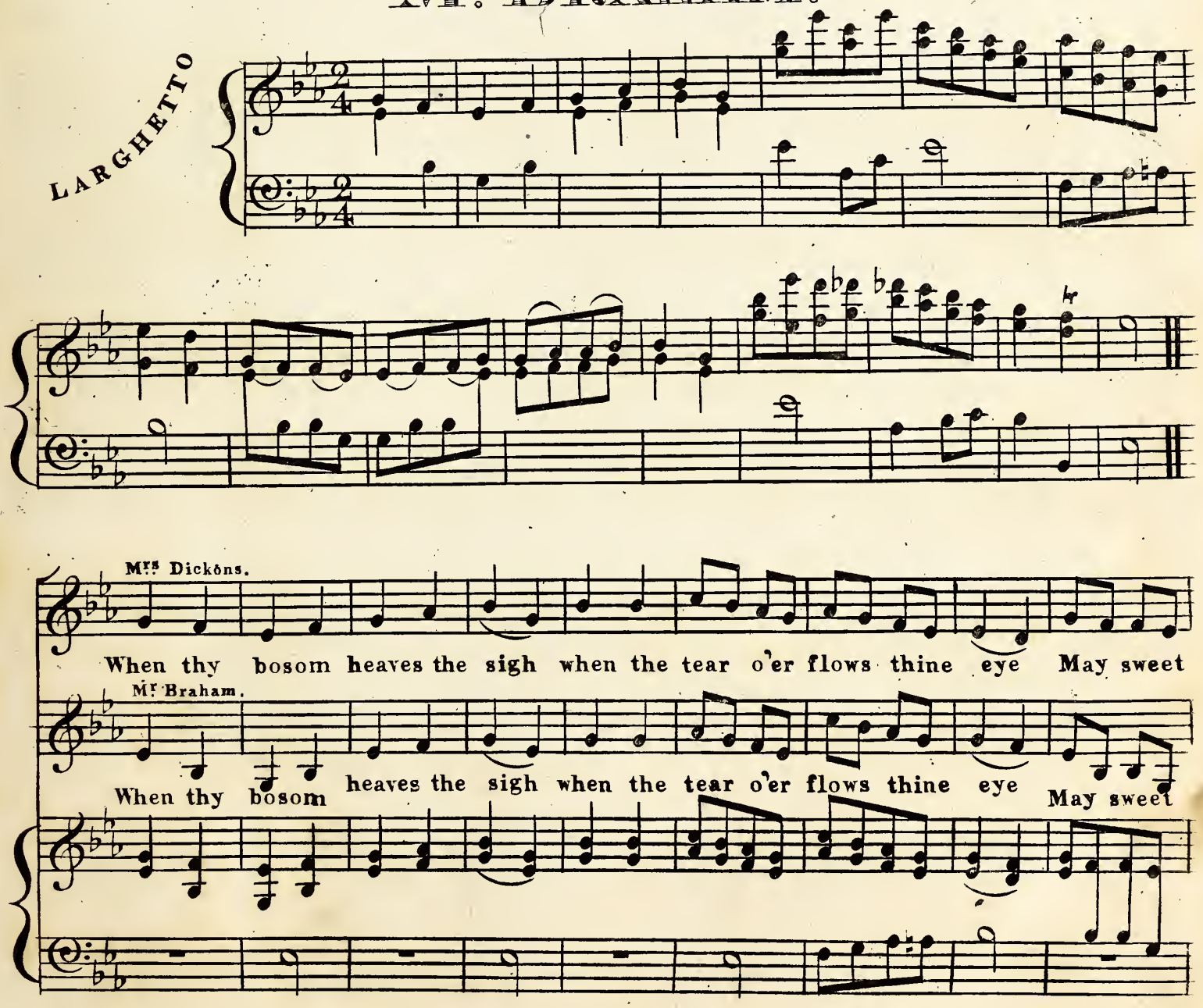
In the Opera of

Narensky

Composed by

Mr Braham.

Price 50 Cents



NEW YORK Published by Wm Dubois.

SOLD BY J.L. HEWITT. 137 BROADWAY. N. YORK.

hope af_ford re_ lief cheer thy heart and calm thy grief cheer thy heart and

hope af_ ford re__lief cheer thy heart and calm thy grief cheer thy heart and

calm thy grief cheer thy heart and calm thy grief.

calm thy grief cheer thy heart and calm thy grief.

f

ALLEGRO

So the ten_der flow'r ap_pears till the

Drooping wet with morning tears

ALLEGRO

sun = beams ge = nial ray chace _ _ _ the heavy dew a _ way So the ten_ der

chace _ _ _ the heavy dew a _ way

flow'r ap_ pears, till the sunbeams ge_ nial

Drooping wet with morning tears

ray chace _ _ _ the heavy dew a _ way When thy bosom heaves the

chace _ _ _ the heavy dew a _ way

sigh when the tear o'er flows thine eye

May sweet hope af_ford re_lief cheer thy heart &

When thy bo_som heaves the sigh when the tear o'er=flows thine eye May

calm thy grief

May

sweet hope af_ford re=lief cheer thy heart and calm thy grief So the ten=der

sweet hope af_ford re=lief cheer thy heart and calm thy grief

flow'r ap_pears till the sunbeams ge_nial ray

Drooping wet with morning tears

chace _ _ _ the heavy dew a way chace _ _ _ _ _ _ _ the hea _ _ _ _ _ _ _ vy

chace _ _ _ the heavy dew a way so the tender flow'r appears drooping wet with morning tears

dew _ _ _ _ _ _ _ a_ way _ _ _ _ _ _ _ a_ way _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _

Till the sunbeams genial ray chace the heavy dew away a_ way _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _

hea_vy dew a_way _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ hea_vy dew a_way a_ _way_ a_

hea_vy dew a_way _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ hea_vy dew a_way a_

_ _ way a_way_ _ a_way_ the heavy dew a_ _way a_ _way_ a_ _way_ a_

_ _ way a_way_ _ a_way_ the heavy dew a_ _way a_ _way_ a_

_ _ way_ _ a_ _ way the heavy dew a_way till the sunbeams genial ray

_ _ way_ _ a_ _ way the heavy dew a_way genial ray

dew a_way.

chace the hea_vy dew a_way.

WILL YOU COME WHERE THE SWEET BRIAR.

Duett.

Written by

Harry Stoe Van Dyk.

Composed by

JOHN BARNETT.

BOSTON: Published by C. Bradlee No164 Washington St.

1st Voice.

Will you come where the sweet-briar grows--- Where the

2d Voice.

Will you come where the sweet-briar grows--- Where the

Piano-Forte.

ff

heath flower blossoms a-round; Will you come where the hy-acinth blows, And the

heath flow'r blossoms a-round; Will you come where the hy-acinth blows,

dai - - sy just peeps from the ground: Will you come - - - - - - - will you come, will you

just peeps from the ground: Will you come, will you

come, will you come will you come. There's a bow'r

come, will you come - - - - - - will you come will you come. There's a

by the side of yon lake, by the side of yon lake, 'Tis the

bow'r by the side of yon lake, by the side of yon lake, 'Tis the

cho-sen a-bode of the rose, 'Tis the chosen a-bode of the rose, Where the

cho-sen a-bode of the rose, 'Tis the chosen a-bode of the rose, Where the

Cres: Rallent:

wings of the Linnet a- -wake- - - - - The leaves from their calm re- - -pose:

wings of the Lin-net a- -wake- - - - - The leaves from their calm re- - -pose:

Cres: Rallent:

Tempo.

Will you come where the sweet briar grows, Where the heath flower blossoms a--

Will you come where the sweet briar grows, Where the heath flower blossoms a--

Tempo.

-round; Will you come where the hy--acinth blows - - - - - - And the

-round; Will you come where the hy--acinth blows - - - - - - And the

dai- - -sy just peeps from the ground, will you come, will you

dai- - -sy just peeps from the ground, will you come, - - - - - - will you come, will you

come, will you come - - - - - - - will you come, will you come.

come, will you come, will you come, will you come.

THE BARK BEFORE THE GALE

A Glee for three voices

Words by

Walter Scott,

Music by T. Willis.

BOSTON: Published by C. BRADLEE, No 164 Washington Street.

ALLEGRETTO. MODERATO.

8va

Staccato.

1st Treble. 2d Treble. Basso. Piano-Forte.

p Merrily, merrily, goes the bark, Before the gale she bounds; So

p Merrily, merrily, goes the bark, Before the gale she bounds; So

p Merrily, merrily, goes the bark, Before the gale she bounds; So

p

darts the dolphin from the shark, Or the deer before the hounds.

darts the dolphin from the shark, Or the deer before the hounds.

darts the dolphin from the shark, Or the deer before the hounds.

8

f Merrily, merrily, goes the bark, Before the gale she bounds; So

f Merrily, merrily, goes the bark, Before the gale she bounds; So

f Merrily, merrily, goes the bark, Before the gale she bounds; So

f

darts the dolphin from the shark, Or the deer before the hounds. Thy left Loch

darts the dolphin from the shark, Or the deer before the hounds. Thy left Loch

darts the dolphin from the shark, Or the deer before the hounds. Thy left Loch

p

p

_Tu_ _a on their lee, And they waken'd the men of the wild Ti_ _ree,

_Tu_ _a on their lee, And they waken'd the men of the wild Ti_ _ree,

f

_Tu_ _a on their lee, And they waken'd the men of the wild Ti_ _ree, And the

f

BASS SOLO.

ad lib:

Chief of the san___dy Coil; of the san__dy Coil.

p Tempo.

p Merrily, merrily, goes the bark, Before the gale she bounds, So

p Merrily, merrily, goes the bark, Before the gale she bounds, So

p Merrily, merrily, goes the bark, Before the gale she bounds, So

p

darts the dolphin from the shark, Or the deer before the hounds.

darts the dolphin from the shark, Or the deer before the hounds.

darts the dolphin from the shark, Or the deer before the hounds.

ANDANTE con Espress:

p They paus'd not at Co__lum___ba's isle,

p Tho' peal'd the

p

p

They paus'd not at Co__lum___ba's

bells from the ho__ly pile, They paus'd not at Co__lum___ba's

They paus'd not at Co__lum__ba's

p

8

isle, Tho' peal'd the bells from the ho__ly pile

isle, Tho' peal'd the bells from the ho__ly pile

isle, Tho' peal'd the bells from the ho__ly pile With long with

8

No time for matin or for mass, And the sounds of the

No time for matin or for mass, And the sounds of the

long and mea___sur'd toll;

ho_ly summons pass A_way a__way in the bil_____lows

ho_ly summons pass A_way a__way in the bil_____lows

A_way a__way in the bil_____lows

roll, in the bil__lows roll, in the bil_____lows roll.

ad lib.

roll, in the bil__lows roll, in the bil_____lows roll.

ad lib.

roll, in the bil__lows roll, in the bil_____lows roll.

ad lib.

ad lib.

ALLEGRETTO Moderato.

p Merrily, merrily, goes the bark, Before the gale she bounds; So

p Merrily, merrily, goes the bark, Before the gale she bounds; So

p Merrily, merrily, goes the bark, Before the gale she bounds; So

p

darts the dolphin from the shark, Or the deer before the hounds,

darts the dolphin from the shark, Or the deer before the hounds,

darts the dolphin from the shark, Or the deer before the hounds,

f

f Merrily, merrily, goes the bark, Before the gale she bounds; So

f Merrily, merrily, goes the bark, Before the gale she bounds; So

f Merrily, merrily, goes the bark, Before the gale she bounds; So

f

darts the dolphin from the shark, Or the deer before the hounds, the

darts the dolphin from the shark, Or the deer before the hounds, the

darts the dolphin from the shark, Or the deer before the hounds,

ANDANTE.

deer before the hounds, the

deer before the hounds, the

ANDANTE.

Horns

p

deer before the hounds. Tempo.

ff

deer before the hounds. So

ff

So

the hounds.

ff

So

Horns

p

ff Tempo.

Primo

darts the dolphin from the shark, Or the deer before the

darts the dolphin from the shark, Or the deer before the

darts the dolphin from the shark, Or the deer before the

Primo

8

hounds, So darts the dolphin from the shark, Or the

ad lib:

hounds, So darts the dolphin from the shark, Or the

hounds, So darts the dolphin from the shark, Or the

ad lib:

8

f

deer before the hounds.

f

deer before the hounds.

f

deer before the hounds.

f

CROWS IN A CORNFIELD.

GLEE

Written & Composed by

T. PHILIPPS.

BOSTON: Published by C. BRADLEE 164 Washington Street.

Andantino Pastorale.

1st Voice. — See yonder Cornfield where waves the rip'ning grain The feather'd race al-

2d Voice. — See yonder Cornfield where waves the rip'ning grain The feather'd race al-

Bass.

lu-ring Who flock the prize to gain See yonder Cornfield where waves the rip'ning

lu-ring Who flock the prize to gain See yonder Cornfield where waves the rip'ning

grain The feather'd race al-lu-ring who flock the prize to gain The feather'd race al- cres:

grain The feather'd race al-lu-ring who flock the prize to gain The feather'd race al- cres:

If a Contralto voice sings the first part, the Glee had better be sung a note higher (in D Major.) The Small Stave above the first line is intended for the accomodation of Soprano Voices not extending above "F" The second line may then be sung either by a Soprano or a Tenor, and by observing these directions the Glee is equally suitable to Ladies or Gentlemen.

Allegro
più Parlante

Now careless hopping fly-ing a young Crow light and

lu - ring who flock the prize to gain Now careless hopping flying a young Crow light and

lu - ring who flock the prize to gain Now careless hopping flying a young Crow light and

gay So careless light and gay he hops! he hops! So careless light and

gay So careless light and gay he hops! he hops! So careless light and

gay So careless light and gay he hops! So careless light and gay he hops! So careless light and

gay he hops! So careless light and gay So careless light and gay While

Espr.

gay he hops! So careless light and gay So careless light and gay While

Espress:

gay he hops! So careless light and gay So careless light and gay While cautious peeping

cautious peeping prying

cautious peeping prying A man and gun now

pry - - - ing prying Two old Crows sage and grey A man and gun es - py - - - ing now

While prying

spying With timely warning say Why not? why not? why

Espress

spying With timely warning say "Don't go there!" "Don't go there!" you'll be shot you'll be

I don't care! I don't care! I don't

not? why not? why not? why not? I don't care! I don't care! I don't

shot! you'll be shot!" you'll be shot! you'll be shot! you'll be shot". "Don't go there!"

care! I don't care! I don't care! I don't care! I don't care! I don't care! I don't care!

mf

care! I don't care! I don't care! I don't care! I don't care! I don't care! I don't care!

mf p

"Don't go there!" "Don't go there!" "Don't go there!" Don't go there!" You'll be

mf p

ff

Oh! Oh! Oh!

ff f

Oh!

ff p p Espress

shot!" you'll be shot! you'll be shot! Oh! We told you so! We

ff p p

f f

Lento.

Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!

told you so! We told you so! We told you so! We

Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!

told you so! We told you so! We told you so!

PIU ALLEGRO.

mf p

"Caw! Caw! Caw! says the scout look out! look out! see he's loading his Gun a gain We smell powder my

p

'Tis all but labour in vain in vain . . . . . 'Tis all but labour in

'Tis all but labour in vain in vain - - - - - - - 'Tis all but labour in

Lad We're not to be had 'Tis all but labour in vain in vain - - - - - - - - 'Tis all but labour in

Lentando.

vain . . vain . . . . . 'Tis all but labour in vain all! all! all!

Lentando.

vain - in vain - - - - - - - - - 'Tis all but labour in vain all! all! all!

Lentando.

vain - in vain - - - - - - - - - - 'Tis all but labour in vain all! all! all!

Lentando.

Tempo Primo.

All! all in vain you try "Old birds to catch with chaff" We're out of your shot You

All! all in vain you try "Old birds to catch with chaff" We're out of your shot You

Accellerando al Fine.

stupid old Sot and at you and your Gun we laugh ha! ha! All! all in vain you try "Old

stupid old Sot and at you and your Gun we laugh ha! ha! All! all in vain you try "Old

Accellerando al Fine.

birds to catch with chaff" We're out of your shot You stupid old Sot and at

birds to catch with chaff" We're out of your shot You stupid old Sot and at

you and your Gun we laugh ha! ha! At you and your Gun we laugh ha! ha! At

you and your Gun we laugh ha! ha! At you and your Gun we laugh ha! ha! At

you and your Gun we laugh ha! ha! At you and your Gun we laugh ha! ha! At

you and your Gun we laugh ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! Caw! Caw! Caw!

you and your Gun we laugh ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! Caw! Caw! Caw!

you and your Gun we laugh! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! Caw! Caw! Caw!

THE LITTLE PIGS,

A FAVOURITE COMIC GLEE

Composed by

ALEXANDER LEE.

BOSTON: Published by C. BRADLEE 164 Washington Street.

Allegretto.

Treble.

1st Our little pigs lie on very good straw Straw eor aw + aw shin dan diddle
2d Our little pigs eat the best of prates Prates * ates + ates shin dan diddle
3d Our little pigs make the best of bacon Bacon * acon + acon shin dan diddle
4th And there's an end to our little song Song * ong + ong shin dan diddle

Tenor.

Bass.

1st Our little pigs lie on very good straw Straw eor aw + aw shin dan diddle
2d Our little pigs eat the best of prates Prates * ates + ates shin dan diddle
3d Our little pigs make the best of bacon Bacon * acon + acon shin dan diddle
4th And there's an end to our little song Song * ong + ong shin dan diddle

Piano

Forte.

daw Our little pigs lie on very good straw Lillibul le - ro lillibul le - ro
dates Our little pigs eat the best of prates Lillibul le - ro lillibul le - ro
dacon Our little pigs make the best of bacon Lillibul le - ro lillibul le - ro
dong And there's an end to our little song Lillibul le - ro lillibul le - ro

daw little pigs lie on very good straw straw * aw + aw * aw +
dates little pigs eat the best of prates prates * ates + ates * ates +
dacon little pigs make the best of bacon bacon * acon + acon * acon +
dong there's an end to our little song song * ong + ong * ong +

lillibul le - ro lillibulle - ro My dad was a bonny wee man
lillibul le - ro lillibulle - ro My dad was a bonny wee man
lillibul le - ro lillibulle - ro My dad was a bonny wee man
lillibul le - ro lillibulle - ro My dad was a bonny wee man

aw * aw + lillibulle - ro My dad was a bonny wee man
ates * ates + lillibulle - ro My dad was a bonny wee man
acon * acon + lillibulle - ro My dad was a bonny wee man
ong * ong + lillibulle - ro My dad was a bonny wee man

man * an + an shin dan diddle dan My dad was a bonny wee man
man * an + an shin dan diddle dan My dad was a bonny wee man
man * an + an shin dan diddle dan My dad was a bonny wee man
man * an + an shin dan diddle dan My dad was a bonny wee man

man * an + an shin dan diddle dan My dad was a bonny wee man
man * an + an shin dan diddle dan My dad was a bonny wee man
man * an + an shin dan diddle dan My dad was a bonny wee man
man * an + an shin dan diddle dan My dad was a bonny wee man

* In imitation of the grunt of a Pig. + Whistle the note instead of singing it.

THE MALTESE BOATMAN'S SONG,

As Sung at

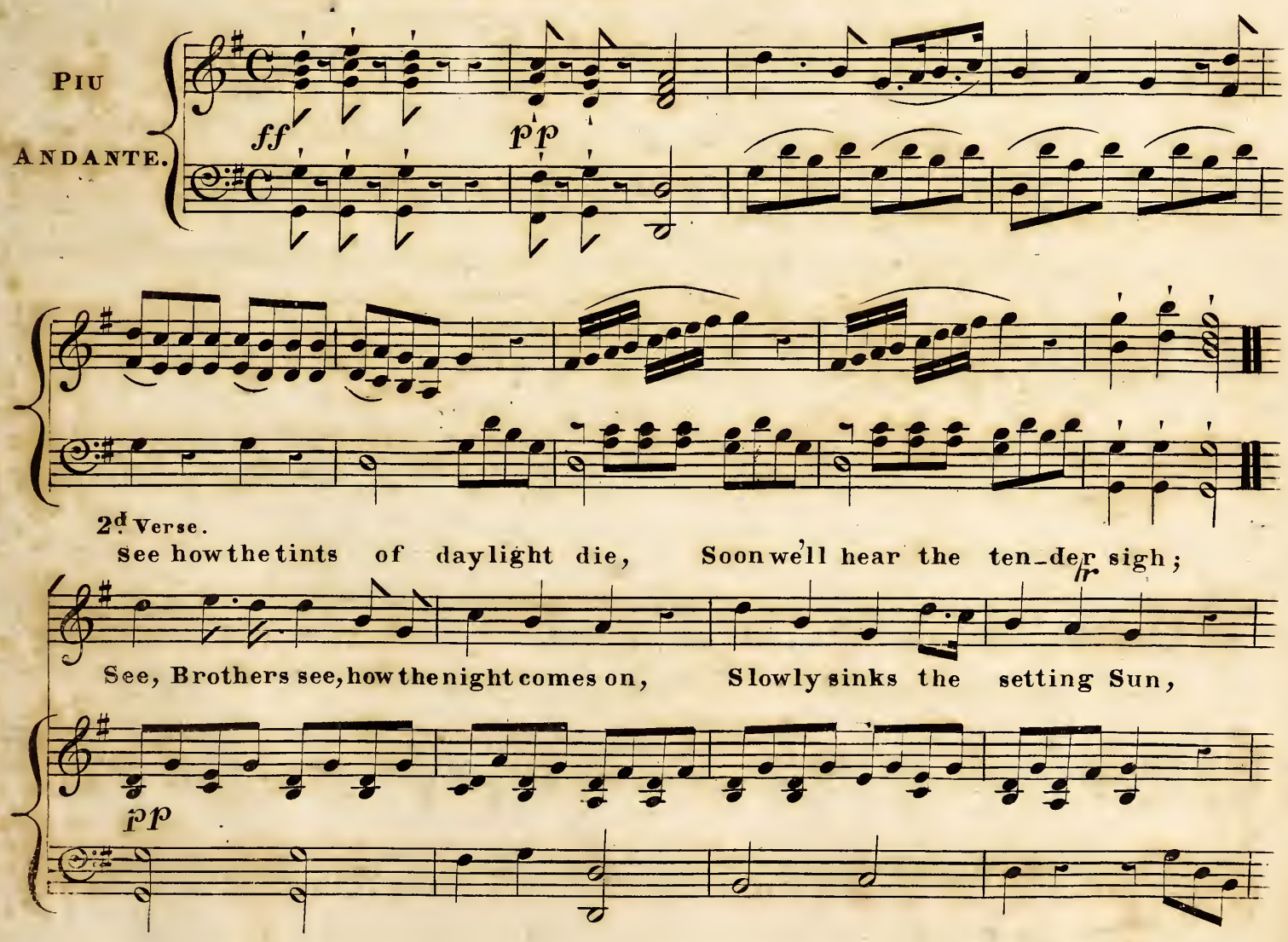
The Apollo Society,

Arranged for One Two or Three Voices

By

L. DEVEREAUX.

BOSTON, Published by JAMES L. HEWITT & Co. at their Music Saloon No. 36 Market St.
Sold by H. N. HEWITT, No. 197 Market St. Baltimore.



For when the toil of la_bours o'er, We shall meet our

Poco Adagio.
Convent Bell.

ff

Hark how the solemn Vespers sound, Sweetly falls up_

friends on shore; Then haste &c.

_on the ear; Then haste let us work 'till the daylight is o'er, And fold our nets as we

For fame or gold how ere we roam, No sound so sweet as welcome

Row to the shore, Our toil of labour being o'er, How sweet the Boatman's welcome

home. Home, home, &c.

home,

home. Home, home, home, the Boatman's welcome Sweet O sweet the Boatmans welcome home.

1mo

Then haste let us work till the day_light is o'er, And

2do

Then haste let us work till the day_light is o'er, And

Basso.

Then haste let us work till the day_light is o'er, And

fold our nets as we row to the shore; Our toil and la_bour

fold our nets as we row to the shore; Our toil and la_bour

fold our nets as we row to the shore; Our toil and la_bour

ff

being oe'r, How sweet the Boatman's welcome home. Home, home, home, the

ff

being oe'r, How sweet the Boatman's welcome home. Home, home, home, the

ff

being oe'r, How sweet the Boatman's welcome home. Home, home, home, the

ff

pp *f*

Boatmans welcome home. Sweet, O sweet the Boatmans welcome home. Welcome home,

f

Boatmans welcome home. Sweet, O sweet the Boatmans welcome home. Welcome home,

pp *f*

Boatmans welcome home. Sweet, O sweet the Boatmans welcome home. Welcome home,

pp *f*

p *ff*

welcome home wel - - - come home.

p *ff*

welcome home wel - - - - come home.

p *ff*

welcome home wel - - - come home.

p *ff* *p*

ff

THE INDIAN BOAT.

from

Legendary Ballads,

—BY—

Thomas Moore Esq.

Arranged by

HENRY R. BISHOP.

BOSTON: Published by C. BRADLEE 164 Washington Steet.

SPIRITOSO.

p dol:

1st Voice. 'Twas midnight dark, The seaman's bark Swift o'er the wa - ters bore him, When,

2d Voice. 'Twas midnight dark, The seaman's bark Swift o'er the wa - ters bore him, When,

Bass. 'Twas midnight dark, The seaman's bark Swift o'er the wa - ters bore him,

PIANO-FORTE.

f

through the night, He spied a light Shoot o'er the wave be - - fore him. "A

through the night, He spied a light Shoot o'er the wave be - - fore him. "A

He spied a light Shoot o'er the wave be - - fore him.

f

sail!_ a sail!" he cries - - - - - -, She comes from the Indian shore; And to

sail!_ a sail!" he cries, he cries, She comes from the Indian shore; And to

"a sail!" he cries, he cries, She comes from the Indian shore; And to night and to

night shall be our prize, With her freight of gol_-den ore." Sail

night shall be our prize, With her freight of gol_-den ore."

night shall be our prize, With her freight of gol_-den ore."

dolce.

on, sail on,- When morning shone, He saw the gold still clear_ _-er, But,

on, sail on,- When morning shone, He saw the gold still clear_ _-er, But,

Sail - - - - - - - - - - - on, sail on, He saw the gold still clear_ _ er,

soave.

tho' so fast The waves he pass'd, That boat seem'd never the near - - - er.

tho' so fast The waves he pass'd, That boat seem'd nev - - er near - - - er.

tho' so fast he pass'd, That boat seem'd nev - - er near - - - er.

Bright day — light came, And

Bright day — light came, And

Bright day — light came, And

mf

still the same Rich bark before him float - - ed, While on the prize His

still the same Rich bark before him float - - ed, While on the prize His

still the same Rich bark before him float - - ed, His

wish-ful eyes Like any young lov-er's doat--ed. "More sail!-more sail!" he

wish-ful eyes Like a---ny lov-er's doat--ed. "More sail!-more sail!" he

wish-ful eyes Like a---ny lov-er's doat--ed. "More sail!" he

cries,--- While the wave o'er tops the mast, And his bound-ing gal--ley

cries, he cries, the wave o'er tops the mast, And his bound-ing gal--ley

cries, he cries, the wave----- o'er tops the mast, And his bound-ing gal--ley

dol:

flies,--- Like an arrow be-fore the blast. Thus on and on, Till

flies,--- Like an arrow be-fore the blast. on and on, Till

flies,----- Like an arrow be-fore the blast. on,----- Thus

soave.

day was gone, And the moon thro' heav'n did hie her, He swept the main But

day was gone, And the moon thro' heav'n did hie her, He swept the main But

on, and on, Till the moon thro' heav'n did hie her, swept the

slent: espress: slent:

all in vain, That boat seem'd never the nigh - - - er.

all in vain, That boat seem'd never the nigh - - - er.

main in vain, That boat seem'd never the nigh - - - er.

pp colla voce. mf dim: pp

—3—

And many a day to night gave way,
And many a morn succeeded;
While still his flight thro' day and night
That restless mariner speeded.
Who knows—who knows what seas
He is now careering o'er?
Behind, the eternal breeze,
And that mocking bark, before!
For, oh! till sky and earth shall die,
And their death leave none to rue it,
That boat must flee o'er the boundless sea,
And that ship in vain pursue it.

SONS OF THE FAIR ISLE.

Round and Chorus

as Sung by

Miss Stephens, Miss Johnston,

And

Mr. Braham,

from **Parry's** Selection

OF

WELSH MELODIES,

The Poetry by

Mrs. HEMANS.

Ent. at Sta. Hall.

Price 2/-

LONDON,

Published by J. Power, 34, Strand.

SONS OF THE FAIR ISLE.

This Island was formerly called "Ynys Prydain" "The Fair or Beautiful Isle", and when it was invaded by foreign powers, the Bards used to inspire the Britons to repel the enemy by singing the ancient Song of "Unbenneath Prydain" the Monarchy of Britain — (Vide Welsh Melodies Vol: 1.)

Allegretto.

for

Solo. 1st Voice.

Sons of the Fair Isle for - get not the time, Ere

Harp or Piano Forte

p

Duo.

spoilers had breath'd the free air of your clime, All that its Ea - gles be -

Second Voice.

All that its Ea - gles be -

Cres

held in their flight, Was yours from the deep to each storm - mantled height.

held in their flight, Was yours from the deep to each storm - mantled height.

This Round may be sung by three equal Voices.

TRIO.

for

Tho' from your race that proud birth-right be torn, Un-quench'd is the spirit for

Tho' from your race that proud birth-right be torn, Un-quench'd is the spirit for

for

Tho' from your race that proud birth-right be torn, Un-quench'd is the spirit for

for

mo-nar-chy born Dark-ly tho' clouds may hang o'er us a-

pp

mo-nar-chy born Dark-ly tho' clouds may hang o'er us a-

pp

mo-nar-chy born Dark-ly tho' clouds may hang o'er us a-

pp

pp

Lento

while, The Crown shall not pass from the Beau-ti-ful Isle.

while, The Crown shall not pass from the Beau-ti-ful Isle.

Lento

while, The Crown shall not pass from the Beauti-ful Isle.

Lento pp

CHORUS.

Tempo

Darkly tho' clouds may hang o'er us a - while, The Crown shall not pass from the Beautiful Isle.

Darkly tho' clouds may hang o'er us a - while, The Crown shall not pass from the Beautiful Isle.

Darkly tho' clouds may hang o'er us a - while, The Crown shall not pass from the Beautiful Isle.

for *for*

Solo Bass.

A - ges may roll ere your

for *p*

chil - dren re - gain The land for which Heroes have perish'd in vain.

Second Voice.

Yet in the sound of their name shall be pow'r, A - round her still

Yet in the sound of their name shall be pow'r, A - round her still

p

for

Strong in the fame of the

hr

gath'- ring 'till glo - ry's full hour. Strong in the fame of the

gath'- ring 'till glo - ry's full hour. Strong in the fame of the

for

3

migh - ty that sleep, Your Bri - tain shall sit on the throne of the deep.

migh - ty that sleep, Your Bri - tain shall sit on the throne of the deep.

migh - ty that sleep, Your Bri - tain shall sit on the throne of the deep.

pp ppp

Then shall their spirit re - joice in her smile, Who died for the

Then shall their spirit re - joice in her smile, Who died for the

ppp

Then shall their spirit re - joice in her smile, Who died for the

pp ppp

Lento CHORUS.

Crown of the Beauti-ful Isle. Then shall their spirit re - joice in her smile, Who

Crown of the Beauti-ful Isle. Then shall their spirit re - joice in her smile, Who

Lento

Crown of the Beauti-ful Isle. Then shall their spirit re - joice in her smile, Who

Lento pp for

Tempo

died for the Crown of the Beauti-ful Isle.

died for the Crown of the Beauti-ful Isle.

died for the Crown of the Beauti-ful Isle.

ff for

When Envious Clouds,

The admired.

Trio,

as Sung with Enthusiastic applause, by

Madame Vestris, Miss Hughes,

and

Mr. Duruset,

at the

Theatre Royal Covent Garden.

in the Musical Farce of the

Sublime and Beautiful,

the Poetry by

Thos. Morton, Esqr.

Composed, by

Alexander Lee,

Composer for the Theatres Royal Covent Garden & Haymarket,

Ent. Sta. Hall. **London.** *Price. 3/-*

Published by Alexander Lee & Lee Regency Musical Warehouse,

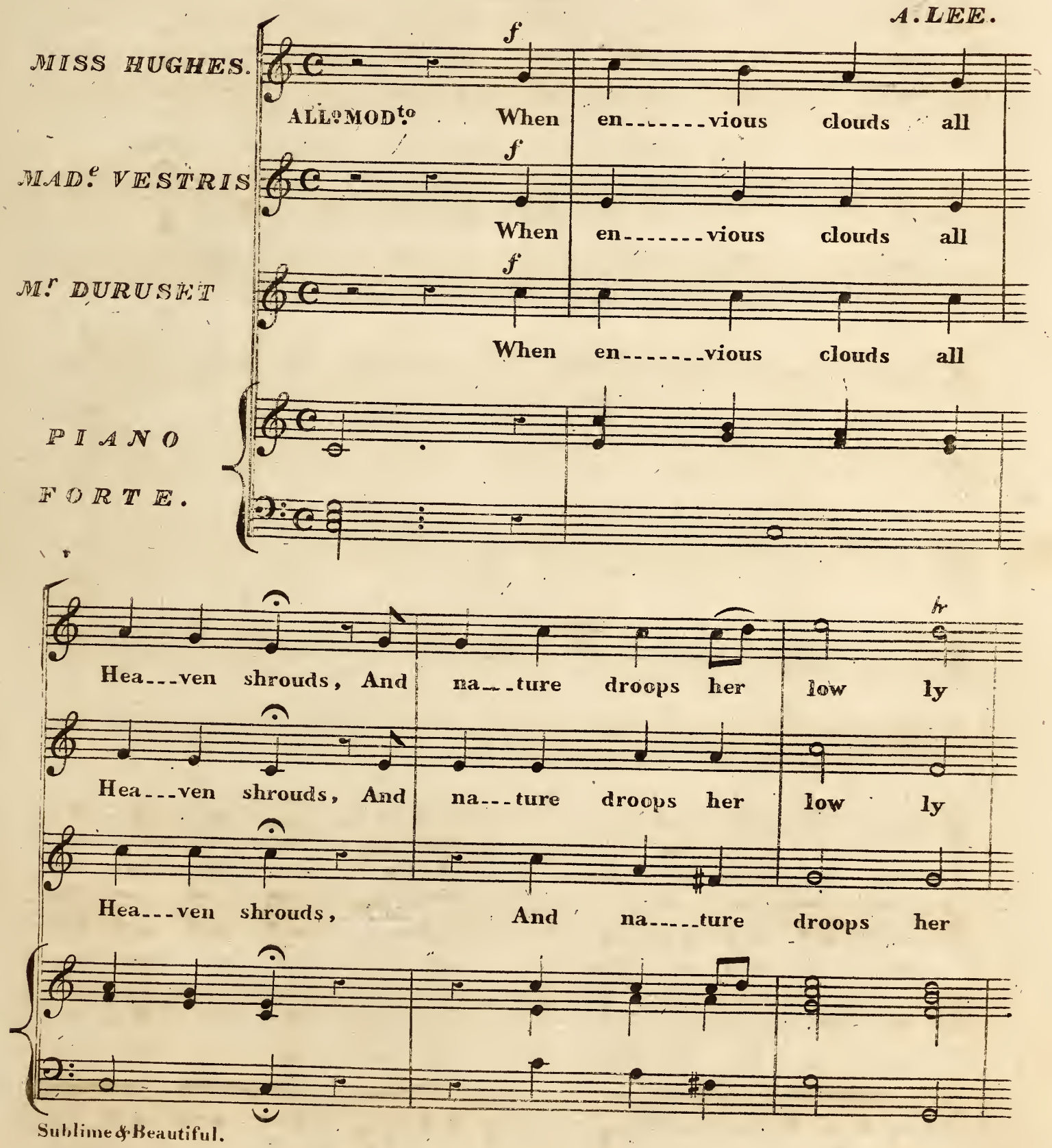
86, Regent's Quadrant.

Theatre

WHEN ENVIOUS CLOUDS ALL HEAVEN SHROUDS.

TRIO.

A. LEE.



This Trio is usually sung without an accompaniment.

✱ Original Key D♭. ✱

pp

head The wood ... land sighs the Ow....let cries And

pp

head The wood ... land sighs the Ow....let cries And

pp

head The wood ... land sighs the Ow....let cries

pp

hoots with.....in its clois.....ter'd shed Thus

f

hoots with.....in its clois.....ter'd shed Thus

f

with.....in its clois.....ter'd shed Thus

f

when the Sun of Hopes a-way With...out one cheer..ing

pp

when the Sun of Hopes a-way With...out one cheer..ing

pp

when the Sun of Hopes a-way With...out one cheer..ing

pp

vi------vid ray

vi------vid ray The sad---den'd soul by its con--troul Sighs

vi------vid ray Sighs

out a mourn--ful well a Day

out a mourn--ful well a Day

out a mourn--ful well a Day

well a Day well a Day.

well a Day well a Day.

well a Day well a Day.

SECOND VERSE.

f But fer----vent Day soon breaks a------way The

f But fer----vent Day soon breaks a------way The

f But fer----vent Day soon breaks a------way

gloom that hid its dazz'----ling light The

gloom that hid its dazz'----ling light The

The gloom that hid its light The

Bird of love fair Ve--------nus's Dove Takes

Bird of love fair Ve--------nus's Dove Takes

Bird of love fair Ve--------nus's Dove Takes

tow'r-------ing-----ly its ai-------ry flight Thus

tow'r-------ing-----ly its ai-------ry flight Thus

tow'r-------ing-----ly its ai-------ry flight Thus

Lo-------vers when the storm is o'er Re--

Lo-------vers when the storm is o'er Re--

Lo-------vers when the storm is o'er Re--

-viv'd by hopes en----chant-------ing pow'r

-viv'd by hopes en----chant-------ing pow'r The

-viv'd by hopes en-------chant-------ing pow'r

pp

Sings

pp

glad------den'd soul by its con-------troul Sings

pp

Sings

cheer-----ing------ly in Hy------men's bow'r. In

cheer-----ing-----ly in Hy-------men's bow'r. In

cheer-----ing-----ly in Hy-------men's bow'r. In

f pp

Hy-------men's bow'r in Hy-------men's bow'r.

f pp

Hy-------men's bow'r in Hy-------men's bow'r.

f pp

Hy-------men's bow'r in Hy-------men's bow'r.

WHERE IS JOY TO BE FOUND,

The Favorite Trio

Sung by

Miss Betts, Mad.me Pestris, and Mr. Sinclair,

at the

Theatre Royal Drury Lane,

in the Opera of

THE NATIONAL GUARD

or

Bride and no Bride,

founded on the Opera of

LA FIANCÉE,

The Poetry by J. R. Planché Esq.re

The Music by

AUBER,

and adapted to the English Stage,

BY

T. COOK E,

Director of the Music at the Theatre Royal Drury Lane.

Ent. Sta. Hall. Pr. 3/-

London, Printed for the Proprietor,

by S. Chappell, Music Seller to His Majesty, 50, New Bond Str.t

NINA.

ALLEGRO.

p

Where is Joy to be found, In the Pa_____lace of pow'r? Where is Joy to be found, In the man_sion of wealth? Seldom there Pilgrim fair, Joy en_ters save by stealth, And is flown..... in a mo_ment a_gain; Love a_lone can re_tain the bright guest in his

bow'r Pilgrim fair, seek him there, that is Joy's ho___ly

ground . . . . . Pil_grim

fair, seek him there, that is Joy's ho_ly ground . . . . . .

. . . . . that is Joy's ho___ly ground. PAULINE. Where is Joy

Where is Joy to be

to be found, Joy..... to be found, Where is Joy

found, In the Pa____lace of pow'r?.... Where is Joy to be

to be found, Joy..... to be found, Seldom Joy

found, In the man___sion of wealth? Sel_dom there Pilgrim

enters there and..... is flown.....

fair, Joy en_ters save by stealth.... and is flown.....

. . . . . In a moment again; Love a_lone can retain

. . . . . in a mo___ment a_gain; Love a_lone can re_tain the bright

the guest in his bow'r. . . Pilgrim fair seek him there,

guest in his bow'r. . . Pilgrim fair seek him there, that is

that is Joy's ho_ly ground . . . . . .

Joy's ho___ly ground . . . . . Pilgrim

..... Pilgrim fair seek him there, Joy's... ho_ly ground.....

fair seek him there, that is Joy's ho_ly ground.....

..... Where is Joy to be found,

..... that is Joy's ho_ly ground. ROSIGNOL. Where is Joy to be found,

Where is Joy to be found, In the

Joy.....to be found, Where is Joy to be found,

Joy to be found.... Where is Joy to be found,

Pa_lace of pow'r.... Where is Joy to be found, in the

Joy..... to be found, seldom Joy enters there,

Where is Joy to be found, seldom Joy enters there,

man---sion of wealth, Sel-dom there Pilgrim fair, Joy

And..... is flown.....

And is flown is flown, Seldom Joy enters there

en--ters save by stealth, And is flown..... in a

In a moment again, Love a--lone can re-tain the bright

is flown in a moment again, Love alone can retain

mo----ment a--gain, Love alone can retain

guest in his bow---er, Pilgrim fair, seek him there,

the sweet guest in his bower, Pilgrim fair, seek him

the guest in his bow---er, Pilgrim fair, seek him

That is Joy's ho---ly ground . . . . . .

there, That is Joy's is Joy's ho--ly

there, That is Joy's holy ground . . . . . .

. . . . . Pilgrim fair seek him there, That is

ho----ly ground Pilgrim fair seek him there,

. . . . . Pilgrim fair seek him there,

Joy's ho----ly ground . . . . . that is

That is Joy's holy ground, that is Joy's ho-ly ground

Joy's . . . . . ho--ly ground . . . . . .

Joy's ho--ly ground, Joy's . . . . . ho--ly ground,

Joy's ho--ly ground, Joy's . . . . . ho----ly ground,

Joy's ho--ly ground, Joy's . . . . . ho-ly ground,

f *p*

p

Joy's . . . . . ho--ly ground . . . . . .

Joy's . . . . . ho-----ly ground, that is Joy's

Joy's . . . . . ho--ly ground, that is Joy's holy

. . . . . that is Joy's ho____ly

holy ground, that is Joy's that is Joy's ho____ly

ground, that is Joy's ho_ly ground, Joy's ho _____

ground, that is Joy's ho_ly ground, Joy's . . . . . ho__ly

ground, that is Joy's ho_ly ground, Joy's . . . . ho___ly

_____ly ho___ly ground, Joy's . . . . . ho__ly

ground, Joy's . . . . . ho__ly ground . . . . . .

ground, Joy's . . . . . ho_____ly ground . . .

ground, Joy's . . . . . ho__ly ground, that is

that is Joy's ho--ly

that is Joy's holy ground, that is Joy's that.... is Joy's ho--ly

Joy's holy ground, that is Joy's holy ground, Joy's ho---------

ground that is Joy's ho--ly ground, that is Joy's ho--ly ground, that is

ground that is Joy's ho--ly ground, that is Joy's ho--ly ground, that is

----------ly ho-ly ground, Joy's ho---------

Joy's ho--ly ground. a . . . . . a . . . . .

Joy's ho--ly ground. a . . . . . a . . . . .

----------ly ground. a . . . . . a . . . . .

f a.... p a....

f a.... p a....

f a.... p a....

p f p

a

a

a

Cres:

f

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SONGS, &c. IN AUBER'S OPERA OF

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Lightly my heart once more is bounding	Ballad	sung by Mad. Vestris	2	0
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Should hope's dream be o'er	Song	Mr. Braham	2	0
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With love and thee	Duet	Mr. Braham and Mrs. Geesin	2	0
Love has its own sweet pleasure	Duet	Miss Graddon and Mrs. Geesin	2	0
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Constanza, once more to behold thee	Song	Mr. Sapio	2	0
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By swift Amoor's enchanted stream	Ballad		2	0
I have fruit, I have flowers	Cavatina	Sung by Miss Love	2	0
*Mary of the willow glen	Ballad		2	0
Meet me by moonlight	Ballad	Mad. Vestris	2	0
I will not meet thee by the moon (Answer to Meet me by moonlight)			2	0
My lute it has but one sweet song	Ballad	Miss Love	2	0
Oh! bid me not cease to remember	Canzonet		2	0
Sing not my song yet	Ballad	Mr. Wood	2	0
Spirits we of fairy land	Canon		2	0
Sweet, to thy slumbers, away	Ballad		2	0
The Confession	Ballad	Mad. Vestris	2	0
The Glen of Al!	Ballad	Mr. Wood	2	0
There is a light about those eyes	Ballad		2	0
The Island Maid to her Lover	Ballad		2	0
The Little Maid and her Bird	Duettino		2	0
The Minstrel's Farewell	Ballad		2	0
The Vesper Bell	Ballad	Miss Paton	2	0
Wander! wander with me, dearest!	Ballad		2	0
When other eyes	Ballad		2	0
With you or without you	Ballad	Mad. Vestris	2	0

SONGS BY BARNETT.

Believe them not	Ballad		2	0
Come, touch the harp	Ballad		2	0
He waits for me	Canzonet		2	0
My vows of love	Rondo		2	0
Shakspeare's birth-day	Song		2	6
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Weber's Farewell (set to Weber's last Waltz)		Sung by Miss Stephens	2	0
Dreams of Love (introduced into "The Marriage of Figaro")			2	0
Oh! that I were a flower (introduced into ditto)			2	0
*I'm a gay and gentle sprite			2	0

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Oh! give me but my Arab steed, sung by Mr. Braham, Miss Forde & Miss Ashe			2	0
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O'er the mountain (with the ornaments introduced by Miss Paton)			2	0
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I will follow thee (Answer to Follow follow over mountain)		Madame Vestris	2	0
Sing on thou warbling bird	Introduced into "The Cabinet" by Mad. Feron		2	6
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Hurrah! for the Emerald Isle		Mr. Braham	2	0
My bonny highland lassie		Mr. Sinclair	2	0
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The laurel crown	Song	Sung by Mr. Braham	2	0
To the conflict's heat I'll go	Song	Mr. Braham	2	0
Love is a good little boy	Ballad	Miss Love	2	0
O tell me no more of thy sighs	Rondo	Mr. Sinclair	2	0
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And must I bid a long farewell			1	6
Muses! honour her			2	0

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The ranger's bride	Song		2	0
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In the merry morn	*Das Heimlich*		2	0

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BREATHE MY HARP!

GLEE

Composed by

Henry R. Bishop.

Int Sta Hall. Composer & Director of the Music to the Theatre Royal Covent Garden Pr. 1/6

London Printed by Goulding, D'Almaine & Co. 20, Soho Square & to be had at 7, Westmorland Street, Dublin.

Larghetto

Cantabile

dolce

Harp

Breathe my Harp ye groves re - sound! and

Caractacus

pour my Song on Ma- - dors ear Breathe my

Breathe my Harp ye

Breathe my

Harp re - sound! and pour my song on Ma - - dors ear

Groves re - sound! and pour my song on Ma- - dors ear

Caractacus

Harp ye groves re - sound! and pour my song on Ma - - dor's

ye groves re - sound! and pour my song on Ma - - dor's

Breathe my Harp re - sound! and pour my song on Ma - - dor's

ear.

ear.

ear.

f

I pace the sacred oak around the

p

p

hark! hark! the tune - ful Bard draws

p

hark! hark! the tune - ful Bard draws

hark! hark! the tune - ful Bard draws

sacred oak a - round I pace the sacred

Harp *p*

f

near the tune - ful Bard draws near.

f

near the tune - ful Bard draws near.

f

near the tune - ful Bard draws near.

f

oak the sa - cred oak a - round. Thus we

Cres: *f*

tread this ho - - - - ly ground with so - - - - lemn

p

thus we tread this

p

thus we tread this

p

thus we tread this

foot - - steps soft and slow, thus - - - we

ho - - - - - ly ground, with so - - - lemn footsteps soft and slow

ho - - - - - ly ground, with so - - - lemn footsteps soft and slow

ho - - - - - ly ground, with so - - - lemn footsteps soft and slow

tread - - this ho - - - - - - - ly ground, - - we

f *p*

thus we tread this ho - - - - - - - - - - - - ly ground with

f *p*

thus this ho - - ly ground, with solemn footsteps soft and slow with

f *p*

thus this ho - - ly ground, with solemn footsteps soft and slow thus with

f

tread this ho - - ly ground, with solemn footsteps soft and slow thus with

ff *p* *sf*

solemn footsteps soft and slow, soft and

solemn footsteps soft and slow, soft and

solemn footsteps soft and slow, soft and

so lemn footsteps soft and slow, soft and

dim:

8ve loco

slow, soft and slow.

slow, soft and slow.

slow, soft and slow.

slow, soft and slow.

8ve loco

ad lib

Calando

f

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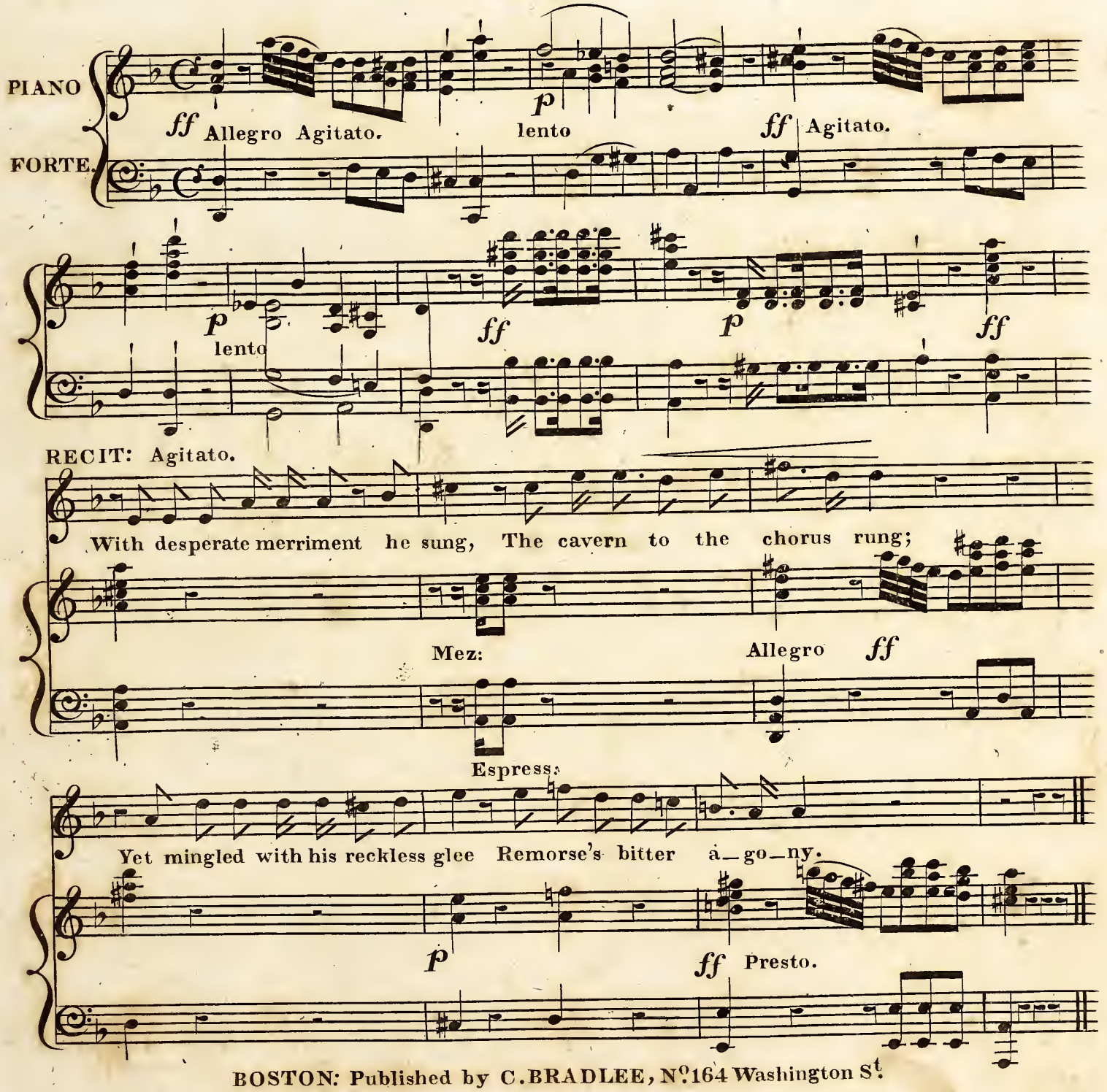
BRIGNAL BANKS,

Song & Chorus,

Poetry by Walter Scott Esqr.

Music by

Dr. John Clarke.



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ANDANTE quasi Allegretto.

VOICE.

PIANO FORTE.

O Brignal banks are wild and fair, And Greta woods are green, And

you may gather garlands there, Would grace a summer queen. And as I rode by

Dalton_hall, Beneath the tur_ret high, A maiden on the castle wall Was

dolce.

ad lib: Tempo 1.mo

singing, singing mer_ri_ly. "O Brignal banks are fresh and fair, And Greta woods are

ad lib:

green; I'd rath_er range with Edmund there, Than reign our English queen."

CHORUS con Spirito.

CANTO.

1st O Brignal banks are fresh and fair, And Greta woods are green, I'd

ALTO.

Chorus 1.st O Brignal banks are fresh and fair, And Greta woods are green, I'd
Chorus 2.nd Yet sung she "Brignal banks are fair, And Greta woods are green; I'd
Chorus 3.d Yet sung she "Brignal banks are fair, And Greta woods are gay, I
Chorus 4.th And O! though Brignal banks be fair, And Greta woods be gay; Yet

TENOR

1st O Brignal banks are fresh and fair, And Greta woods are green, I'd

BASSO.

PIANO FORTE

f

CHORUS con Spirito.

1st rather range with Edmund there, Than reign our English queen.

ra_ther range with Edmund there, Than reign our English queen.
ra_ther range with Edmund there, Than reign our English queen,
would I were with Edmund there, To reign his queen of May!
mickle must the maiden dare, Would reign my queen of May!

1st rather range with Edmund there, Than reign our English queen.

2d VERSE.

"If, maiden, thou wouldst wend with me, To leave both tow'r and town, Thou

f

first must guess what life lead we, That dwell by dale and down. And if thou canst that

f *p*

riddle read, As read full well you may, Then to the greenwood shalt thou speed, As

f *p*

blithe as Queen of May." Yet sung she, "Brignal banks are fair, And Greta woods are

Tempo 1mo

lento

p

ad lib: Tempo 1mo

green; I'd ra_ther range with Edmund there, Than reign our English queen.

f

2d Chorus page 3

3.d VERSE.

"I read you, by your bu-gle-horn, And by your palfrey good, I

mez:

f f p

read you for a ranger sworn, To keep the king's greenwood." "A ranger, la-dy,

lento.

winds his horn And 'tis at peep of light; His blast is heard at merry merry morn, And

pp mf pp lento.

Espress: ad lib: Tempo 1.mo

mine at dead of night" Yet sung she, "Brignal banks are fair, And Greta woods are

ad lib: Tempo 1.mo

gay; I would I were with Edmund there, To reign his queen of May!"

8va

4th VERSE.

"With burnish'd brand and musquetoon, So gallant_ly you come, I read you for a

f ff mez:

bold dragoon, That lists the tuck of drum"_ "I list no more the tuck of drum, No

ff p lento.

more the trumpet hear; But when the beetle sounds his hum, My comrades take the

ten p f pp f

ad lib. Tempo.

spear. And O! though Brignal banks be fair, And Greta woods be gay; Yet

pp ad lib. Tempo. f mez:

mickle must the maiden dare, Would reign my queen of May!

f

4th Chorus page 3

5th VERSE.

Adagio

"Maiden! a nameless life I lead, A nameless death I'll die; The

p

fiend, whose lanthern lights the mead, Were better mate than I! And when I'm with my

f *p* mez:

comrades met, Beneath the greenwood bough, What once we were We all forget, Nor

f *p*

ad lib: Tempo.

think what we are now. Yet Brignal banks are fresh and fair, And Greta woods are

3 3 3 3

Tempo.

pp

green, And you may gather garlands there, Would grace a summer queen"

5.th CHORUS.

mez:

Yet Brignal banks are fresh and fair, And Greta woods are green, And

mez:

Yet Brignal banks are fresh and fair, And Greta woods are green, And

ff

mez:

ff

you may ga_ther gar_lands there, Would grace a summer queen."

ff

you may ga_ther gar_lands there, Would grace a summer queen."

ff

Deck not with Gems,

GLEE

for Four Voices,

as Sung by

Miss Stephens, Mess.rs W. Knyvett,

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"DECK NOT WITH GEMS"

THE MELODY BY W. TURNBULL. HARMONIZED BY W. HAWES.

Andante con Espressione

1st TREBLE.

Deck not with gems that love-ly form for me,

2d TREBLE or ALTO.

Deck not with gems that love-ly form for me,

TENOR. To be sung an Octave lower.

Deck not with gems that love-ly form for me,

BASS.

Deck not with gems that love-ly form for me,

PIANO-FORTE. ad lib.

Andante con Espressione

They in my eyes can add no charm to thee.

They in my eyes can add no charm to thee.

They in my eyes can add no charm, no charm to thee.

can add no charm, no charm to thee.

N.B. The Melody may be used with the Accompaniment by adhering to the upper part employed.

Braid not for me the tres-ses of thy hair

Braid not for me, not for me the tres-ses of thy hair, I must have

Braid not for me the tres-ses of thy hair, I must have

Braid not for me the tres-ses of thy hair, I must have

I must have lov'd thee had'st thou not been fair.

lov'd thee, must have lov'd thee had'st thou not been fair. I must have

lov'd thee, must have lov'd thee had'st thou not been fair. I must have

lov'd thee, must have lov'd thee had'st thou not been fair.

The Publications thus marked * have Vignette Title Pages.

I must have lov'd thee had'st thou not been fair. How oft when half in tears

lov'd thee must have lov'd thee had'st thou not been fair. How oft when half in tears

lov'd the must have lov'd thee had'st thou not been fair. How oft when half in tears

I must have lov'd thee had'st thou not been fair. How oft when half in tears

hast thou beguil'd The sor-row from my heart, and I have smil'd

hast thou beguil'd The sor-row from my heart, and I have smil'd

hast thou beguil'd The sor-row from my heart, and I have smil'd

The sor-row from my heart, and I have smil'd

for

Oh form'd a-like my tears and smiles to share,

for

Oh form'd a-like my tears and smiles to share,

for

Oh form'd a-like my tears my tears and smiles to share, I must have

for

Oh form'd a-like my tears and smiles to share, I must have

I must have lov'd - - - thee had'st thou not been fair.

I must have lov'd thee had'st thou not been fair.

lov'd thee must have lov'd thee had'st thou not been fair.

lov'd thee must have lov'd thee had'st thou not been fair.

had'st thou not been fair.

Dolce.

had'st thou not been fair.

I must have lov'd thee had'st thou not been fair.

had'st thou not been fair.

pia e Dolce.

Time on thy cheek his with'-ring hand may press

Time on thy cheek his with'-ring hand may press

Time on thy cheek his with'-ring hand may press

Time on thy cheek his with'-ring hand may press

f *p*

He may do all but make me love thee less

f *p*

He may do all but make me love thee less

f *p*

He may do all but make me love thee less

f *p*

He may do all but make me love thee less

f

ff *p*

The mind de-fies him and thy charm lies there

ff *p*

The mind de-fies him and thy charm lies there

ff *p*

The mind de-fies him and thy charm lies there

ff *p*

The mind de-fies him and thy charm lies there

ff *pp*

The Publications thus marked * have Vignette Title Pages

f *Dolce.*

I must have lov'd thee had'st thou not been fair.

Dolce.

I must have lov'd thee had'st thou not been fair.

Dolce.

I must have lov'd thee had'st thou not been fair.

Dolce.

I must have lov'd thee had'st thou not been fair.

f *Dolce. e pia e lentando.*

I must have lov'd thee had'st thou not been fair.

f

I must have lov'd thee had'st thou not been fair.

I must have lov'd thee had'st thou not been fair.

I must have lov'd thee had'st thou not been fair.

Dolce. e pia e lentando.

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TREBLE.

If sad_ly think_ing, and spi_rits sink_ing, could more than

ALTO or 2d TREBLE.

If sad_ly think_ing, and spi_rits sink_ing, could more than

TENORE.

If sad_ly think_ing, and spi_rits sink_ing, could more than

BASSO.

MODERATO.

PIANO FORTE.

p

drink_ing, our griefs com_pose; A cure for Sor_row from Care I'd

p

drink_ing, our griefs com_pose; A cure for Sor_row from Care I'd

p

drink_ing, our griefs com_pose; A cure for Sor_row from Care I'd

p

A cure for Sor_row from Care I'd

p

bor_row, and hope to mor_row might end my woes. But since in

bor__row, and hope to mor_row might end my woes. But since in

bor__row, and hope to mor_row might end my woes. But since in

bor__row, and hope to mor_row might end my woes. But since in

wail_ing there's nought a_vail_ing, and Death un_fail_ing will strike his blow!

wail_ing there's nought a_vail_ing, and Death un_fail_ing will strike his blow!

wail_ing there's nought a_vail_ing, and Death un_fail_ing will strike his blow!

wail_ing there's nought a_vail_ing, and Death un_fail_ing will strike his blow!

Then for this rea_son, and for a sea_son, let us be

Then for this rea_son, and for a sea_son, let us be

let us be

let us be

mer_ry be_fore we go. A way-worn ran_ger, to joy a

mer_ry be_fore we go. A way-worn ran_ger, to joy a

mer_ry be_fore we go. A way-worn ran_ger, to joy a

mer_ry be_fore we go.

stran_ger, Thro' ev'_ry dan_ger my course I've run; Now Death be_

stran_ger, Thro' ev'_ry dan_ger my course I've run; Now Death be_

stran_ger, Now Death be_

Thro' ev'_ry dan_ger my course I've run; Now Death be_

_friend__ing, his last aid lend__ing, My griefs are end__ing,

_friend__ing, his last aid lend__ing, My griefs are end__ing,

_friend__ing, his last aid lend__ing, My griefs are end__ing,

_friend__ing, his last aid lend__ing, My griefs are end__ing,

my woes are gone. No more a ro_ver, or hap_less lover, those cares are

my woes are gone. No more a ro_ver, or hap_less lover, those cares are

my woes are gone. No more a ro_ver, or hap_less lover, those cares are

my woes are gone. No more a ro_ver, or hap_less lover, those cares are

o__ver, my cup runs low; Then for this rea_son, and for a

o__ver, my cup runs low; Then for this rea_son, and for a

o__ver, my cup runs low.

o__ver, my cup runs low.

CHORUS.

sea_son, Let us be mer_ _ry be_fore we go. Then for this

sea_son, Let us be mer_ _ry be_fore we go. Then for this

Let us be mer_ _ry be_fore we go. Then for this

Let us be mer_ _ry be_fore we go. Then for this

rea_son, and for a sea_son Let us be mer_ry be_fore we go.

rea_son, and for a sea_son Let us be mer_ry be_fore we go.

rea_son, and for a sea_son Let us be mer_ry be_fore we go.

rea_son, and for a sea_son Let us be mer_ry be_fore we go.

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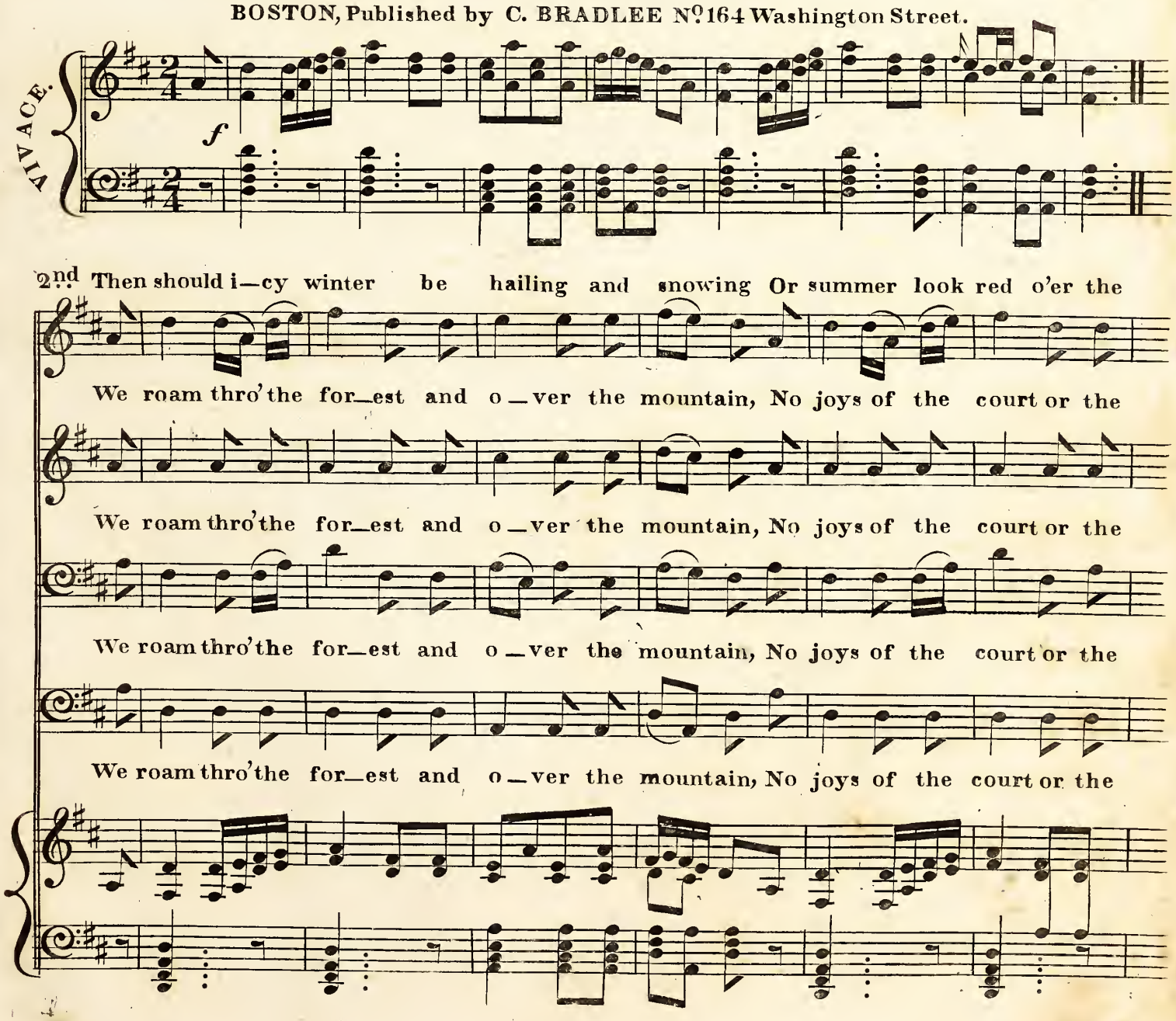

yellow hair'd corn Or breezes are blowing or night winds are flowing Still ring thro' the

banquet like this; And then sunset glowing by some leafy fountain To crown our red

banquet like this; And then sunset glowing by some leafy fountain To crown our red

banquet like this; And then sunset glowing by some leafy fountain To crown our red

banquet like this; And then sunset glowing by some leafy fountain To crown our red

forest the hunters gay horn Then end &c.

f *p*

goblets with young beauties' kiss. Then end our bright evening with dance and with singing, Till

f *p*

goblets with young beauties' kiss. Then end our bright evening with dance and with singing, Till

f *p*

goblets with young beauties' kiss. Then end our bright evening with dance and with singing, Till

f *p*

goblets with young beauties' kiss. Then end our bright evening with dance and with singing, Till

f *p*

night spreads her mantle o'er vale and o'er wood; Thro' rock and thro' forest our horns gaily

night spreads her mantle o'er vale and o'er wood Thro' rock and thro' forest our horns gaily

night spreads her mantle o'er vale and o'er wood; Thro' rock and thro' forest our horns gaily

night spreads her mantle o'er vale and o'er wood; Thro' rock and thro' forest our horns gaily

ringing, Farewell to the day star that sets in the flood. Follow hark follow hark follow hark follow

ringing, Farewell to the day star that sets in the flood. Follow hark follow hark follow hark follow

ringing, Farewell to the day star that sets in the flood. Follow hark follow hark follow hark follow

ringing, Farewell to the day star that sets in the flood. Follow hark follow hark follow hark follow

hark follow hark follow hark follow hark follow hark follow hark follow hark follow hark follow hark

hark follow hark follow hark follow hark follow hark follow hark follow hark follow hark follow hark

hark follow hark follow hark follow hark follow hark follow hark follow hark follow hark follow hark

hark follow hark follow hark follow hark follow hark follow hark follow hark follow hark follow hark

hark follow hark hark follow hark follow hark.

hark follow hark hark follow hark follow hark.

hark follow hark hark follow hark follow hark.

hark follow hark hark follow hark follow hark.

f

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The favourite Round and Chorus,

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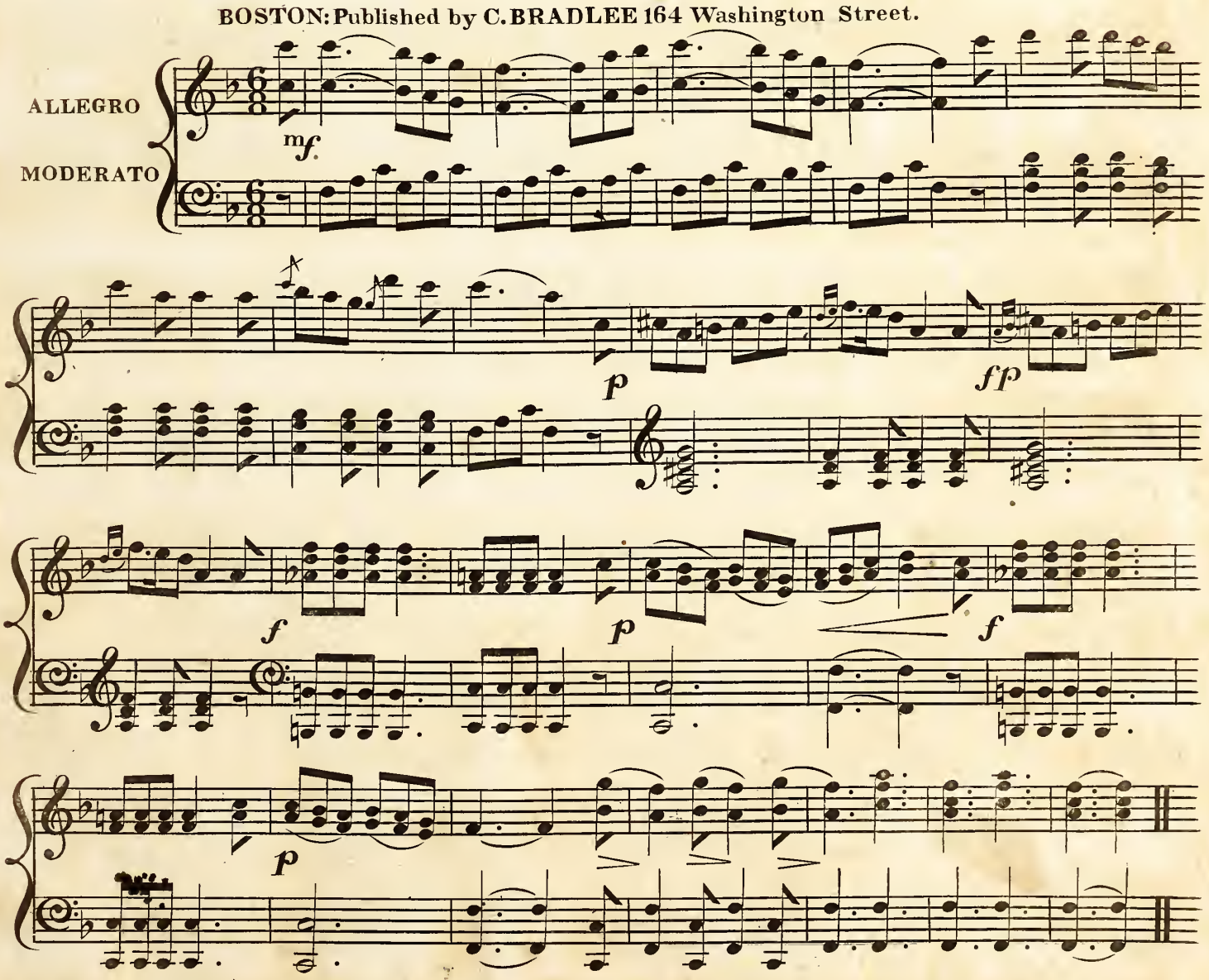

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1831 by C. Bradlee, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

ROUND.

AIR.

1st TIME. The Sun - - - is up - - - the hills are bright The waves are leaping

2d TIME. The Sun is up the hills are bright The

3d TIME. The hills are bright The

4th TIME. The Sun is up the hills are bright

PIANO-FORTE.

in the light are leaping in the light - - The mists have left the vale The

waves - - - are leaping in the light - - The mists have left the

waves are leaping in the light are leaping in the light The

The waves are leaping in the light

Each voice to commence in succession with the Air until the Round has been sung through by the person first commencing

mists have left the vale - - - To labour then with merry hearts To labour then with

vale have left the vale To labour then with merry hearts To labour then with

mists have left the vale To labour then with

have left the vale

merry hearts Un - till a - gain the sun departs And western skies grow pale.

merry hearts Un - till a - gain the sun departs And western skies grow pale.

merry hearts Un - till a - gain the sun departs skies grow pale.

Un - till a - gain the sun departs And western skies grow pale.

CHORUS.

TREBLE.

To la-bour then with mer-ry hearts To la--bour then with

ALTO or 2d TREBLE.

To la-bour then with mer-ry hearts To la--bour then with

TENOR.

To la-bour then with mer-ry hearts To la--bour then with

BASS.

To la-bour then with mer-ry hearts To la--bour then with

PIANO-FORTE.

mer-ry hearts Un-till a-gain the sun departs And western skies grow pale. And

mer-ry hearts Un-till a-gain the sun departs And western skies grow pale And

mer-ry hearts Un-till a-gain the sun departs And western skies grow pale And

mer-ry hearts Un-till a-gain the sun departs And western skies grow pale And

cres:

western skies grow pale And western skies grow pale And west - - - ern

western skies grow pale And western skies grow pale And west - - - ern

western skies grow pale And western skies grow pale And west - - - ern

western skies grow pale And western skies grow pale And west - - - ern

cres:

skies grow pale - - - -.

skies grow pale - - - -.

skies grow pale - - - -.

skies grow pale - - - -.

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Cupid, or See the God of Love . *4 Do*
Go gentle Gales ..... *3 Voices.*
One Night when all the Village slept ..... *4 Do*

See our Bark, the original Boat Glee, for 3 Voices.

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Allegro Moderato. Composed by Sir J. STEVENSON.

Scherzando.

Treble.

When Da_mon is present how fleeting the hours, All

2d. Treble or C. Tenor.

When Da_mon is present how fleeting the hours, All

Tenor. 8 notes lower

When Da_mon is present how fleeting the hours, All

Bass.

When Da_mon is present how fleeting the hours, All

Piano Forte.

silver'd with love they glide soft_ly a__way, Ah! tell me how is it, Ah!

silver'd with love they glide soft_ly a__way, Ah! tell me how is it, Ah!

silver'd with love they glide soft_ly a__way, Ah! tell me how is it, Ah!

silver'd with love they glide soft_ly a__way, Ah! tell me how is it, Ah!

p cres f pp

say ye wing'd powers, Is time in a hurry on my hap-py day? Ah! tell me how

p cres f pp

say ye wing'd powers, Is time in a hurry on my hap-py day? Ah! tell me how

p cres f dim

say ye wing'd powers, Is time in a hurry on my hap-py day? . . . . . .

p cres f dim

say ye wing'd powers, Is time in a hurry on my hap-py day? . . . . . .

cres f p

cres cres f 8.

is it, oh say ye wing'd powers, Is time in a hurry on my happy day?

cres f 8.

is it, oh say ye wing'd powers, Is time in a hurry on my happy day?

cres f 8.

. . . . . Is time in a hurry on my happy day?

cres f 8.

. . . . . Is time in a hurry on my happy day?

f 8.

p

Scarce has the fond shepherd Scarce

p

Scarce has the fond shepherd Scarce has the fond

p

Scarce has the fond shepherd his

Scarce has the fond shepherd his passion his

p

cres f Sotto Voce

has the fond shepherd his passion re__veal'd, his passion re_veal'd When

f

shepherd his passion his passion re__veal'd, his passion re_veal'd, When

passion re__veal - - - - - - - - - - - - - 'd, his passion re_veal'd, When

passion re__veal - - - - - - - - - - - - - 'd, his passion re_veal'd, When

Sotto Voce

ff *p*

looking a - - round we per - ceive it is noon, my

ff *p*

looking a - - round we per - ceive it is noon, my

ff *p*

looking a - - round we per - ceive it is noon, my wish - es

ff *p*

looking a - - round we per - ceive it is noon, my wish - es

ff

p *pp*

sighs my sighs my wishes my sighs are still

p *pp*

sighs my sighs my wishes my sighs are still

pp *pp*

my wishes my sighs . . . . . .

pp *pp*

my wishes my sighs . . . . . .

Sotto Voce.

struggling con-ceal'd, 'Tis ev'ning ah! why does the day close so

struggling con-ceal'd, 'Tis ev'ning ah! why does the day close so

pp pp

. . . . . ah! why so

. . . . . 'Tis ev'ning ah! why does the day close so

Sotto Voce

pp

soon, ah! why ah! why does the day close so soon, 'Tis

soon, ah! why ah! why does the day close so soon . . . . . .

pp pp

soon, ah! why does the day close so soon, 'Tis

soon, ah! why ah! why does the day close so soon . . . . . .

V. S.

ev'ning, ah! why does the day close so soon, ah! why? ah! why does the

. . . . . ah! why? ah! why does the

ev'ning, ah! why does the day close so soon, ah! why? ah! why does the

. . . . . ah! why? ah! why does the

2d time ad lib. 1st time. 2d time.

day close so soon, does the day close so soon? soon? . . . . .

day close so soon, does the day close so soon? soon? . . . . .

day close so soon, does the day close so soon? soon? . . . . .

day close so soon, does the day close so soon? soon? . . . .

1st time. 2d time.

Yes! 'tis the Indian Drum!

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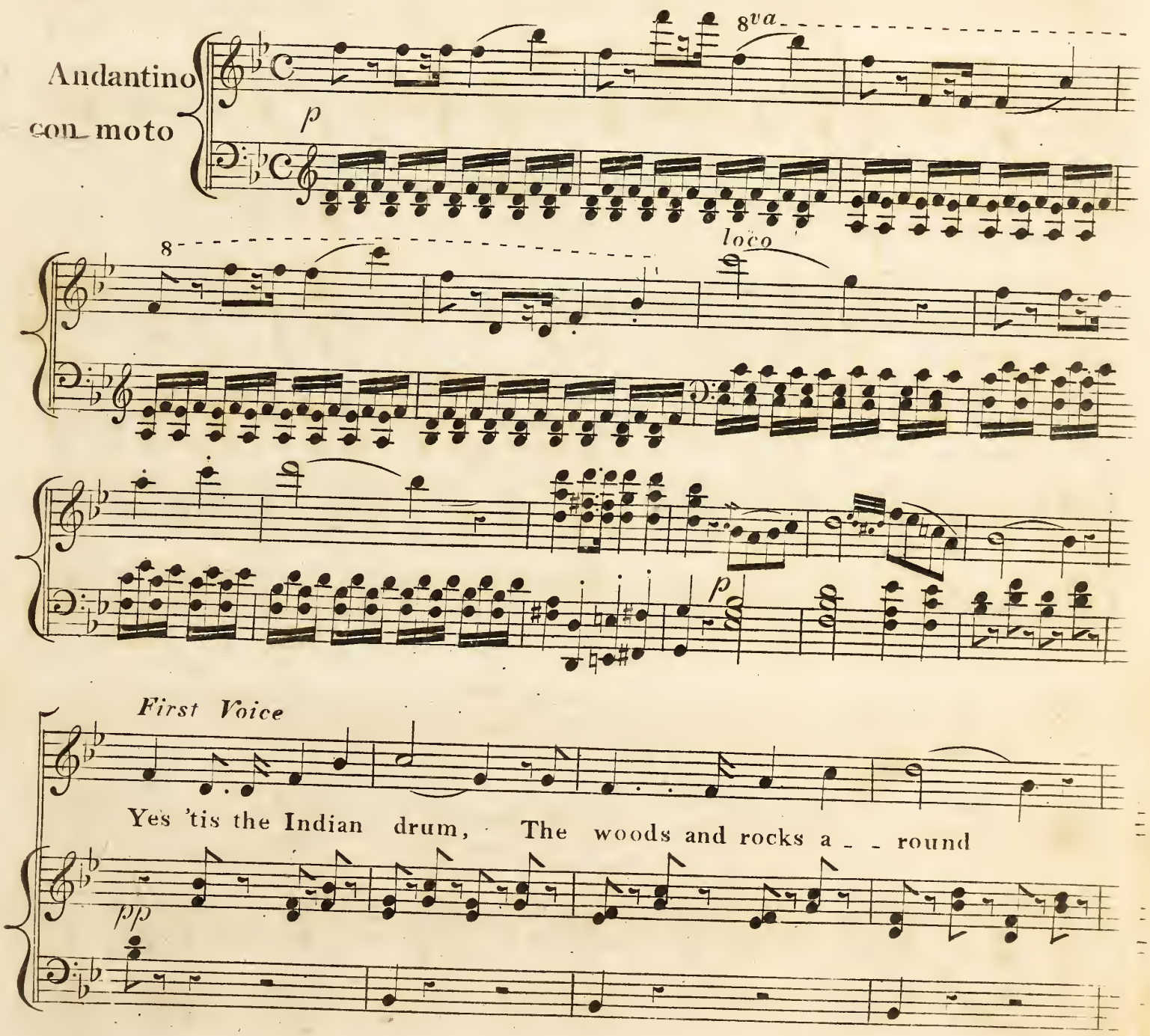


Echo the warlike sound Echo the warlike sound, They come, they come they

espress

come they come they come Yes 'tis the Indian

Second Voice

Hark 'tis the Indian drum They

drum The woods & rocks a_round Echo the warlike sound

woods & rocks a_ round Echo the warlike sound Echo the warlike

Echo the warlike sound They come they come they come

sound They come, they come they come they come they come

Tis the Indian drum

Hark! Hark! Hark 'tis the Indian drum

Hark! tis the Indian drum The woods & rocks a-

Third Voice

Hark! tis the Indian drum The woods & rocks a - round

The woods & rocks a - round a - - - - round Echo the war - - - like

round Echo the warlike sound Echo the warlike

E - - cho the warlike sound Echo the warlike sound they

hr

sound they come they come they come

sound they come they come they come

come, they come they come they come they come

trombapp.

Tis the Indian drum

Yes 'tis the Indian drum The woods and rocks a _ round

Hark Hark Hark tis the Indian drum

Hark 'tis the Indian drum The woods and rocks a _

E _ _ cho the warlike sound Echo the warlike sound They

The woods & rocks a _ _ round a _ _ _ round Echo the war _ _ _ _ _ like

round Echo the warlike sound Echo the warlike

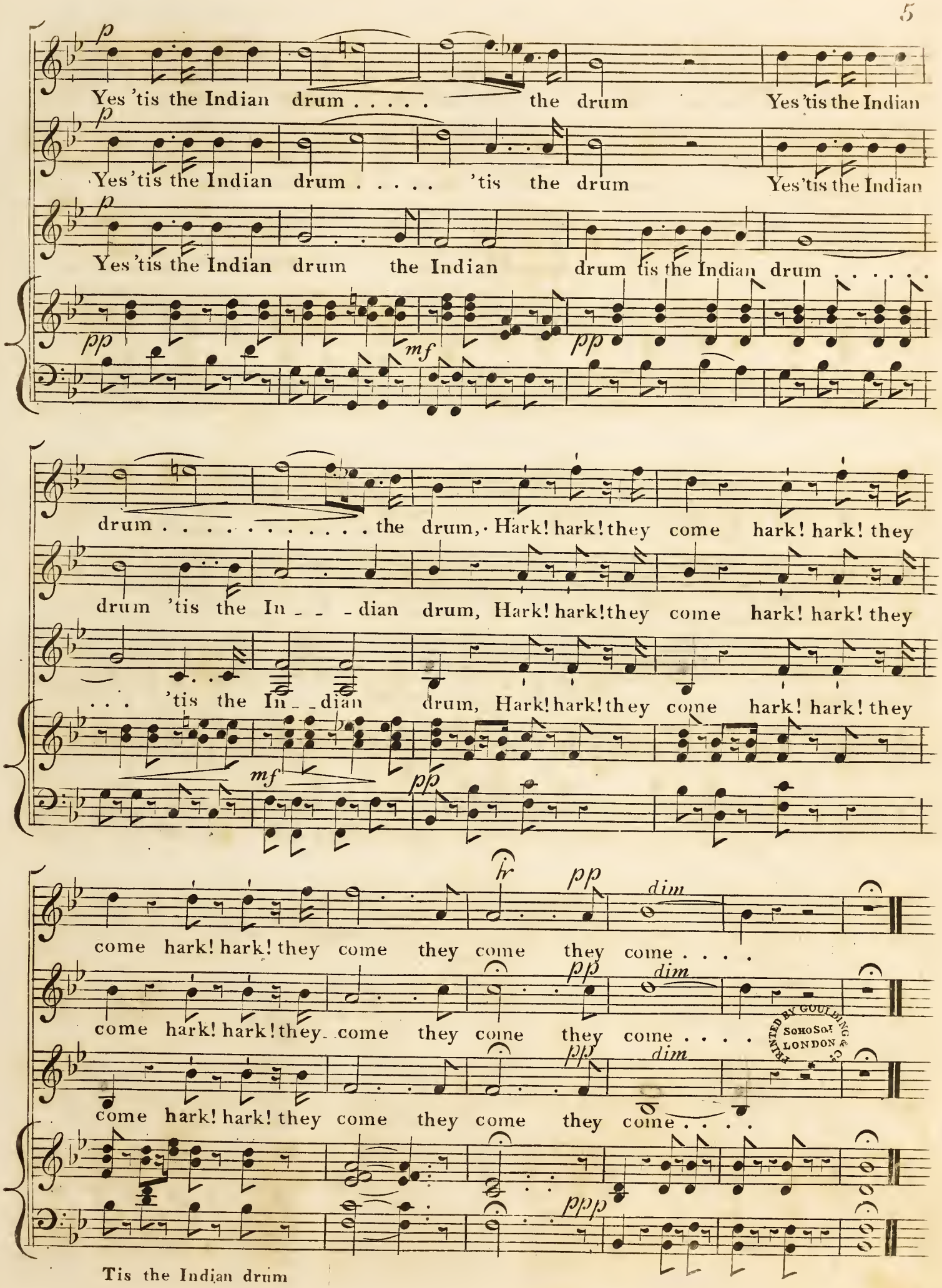
come they come they come they come they come

sound they come they come they come

sound they come they come they come

cres *mf* *f* *p*

Tis the Indian drum


Yes 'tis the Indian drum . . . . . the drum Yes 'tis the Indian
Yes 'tis the Indian drum . . . . . 'tis the drum Yes 'tis the Indian
Yes 'tis the Indian drum the Indian drum tis the Indian drum . . . . . .
drum . . . . . the drum, Hark! hark! they come hark! hark! they
drum 'tis the In - - - dian drum, Hark! hark! they come hark! hark! they
. . . 'tis the In - - dian drum, Hark! hark! they come hark! hark! they
come hark! hark! they come they come they come . . . .
come hark! hark! they come they come they come . . . .
come hark! hark! they come they come they come . . . .
Tis the Indian drum

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